

CAVALCADE

Sept. 13



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Cavalcade

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MAN-MADE MENACE IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS

JACK PEASEH

Submarines are destroying ships, which may be the decisive factor in war.

WHEN—400 and odd years ago—that old Italian man-of-war-
trader and master-of-them-all, Leonardo da Vinci, sat down to write in his secret journal, he was under no delusions as to the grim potentialities of submarine warfare.

"How can he [man] stay under water?" he wondered. "How hot by means of a certain machine . . . That fact it is one of the most progress-
ive in history! I do not publish or divulge it by reason of the evil nature of man, who would use it as a means of destruction at the bottom

of the sea, by placing a hole in the bottom of ships and striking them with arms in them."

The rook he permitted himself—and then only "because there is no harm in this"—was a hand that his "machines" would be fitted with "a tube above water by which you can breathe."

But Master Leonardo might have saved himself his speculations. He had given posteriorly the idea of the periscope . . . and other (and less fleshy) means were not slow to follow his lead.

As long ago as 1790, an American privateer craft attacked a British man-of-war in the Delaware River. And, from that moment, the development of the submarine has gone literally from strength to strength.

World War I saw the sub travel the first glances of its terrible potentialities when German U-boat flotillas brought Britain to the verge of starvation.

World War II saw the terror increased in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and though the fight ended in favor of the democracies, it is very significant that—in the Atlantic, at all events—the pendulum was, by the time of Hitler's defeat, swinging back to the side of the Nazis.

To-day, the submarine menace is more violent than it has ever been before.

The fondest dream of every Navy has always been the "true submarine,"

an underwater vessel which never needs to surface to recharge its batteries and has no betraying breathing apparatus. There is now every indication that—often with the aid of those very scientists who designed the first Hitler never had the chance to complete—that ideal is out of the dreams stage.

The name "mackrel" . . . a sub, based on plans captured from the Nazis . . . is already a common-place.

The actual "mackrel" (from which the sub takes its name) is merely a means of providing air while the vessel is operating at periscope depths. It comprises two cylindrical tubes functioning like a periscope, but of much larger diameter—one for intake, the other for exhaust. At present, most "mackrels" are fitted with diesel engines. The mackrel provides air for those engines which in pre-mackrel days could be used only for surface cruising. The exhaust tube,

on the other hand, carries exhaust gases out of the submarine and into the sea. These tubes allow the sub to remain at a depth of 30 to 50 feet.

The "mackrel" need, therefore, an longer surface of flight to recharge its batteries (as old-time rules were forced to do). At "mackrel depth" a crew remain submerged more or less indefinitely. Once have around below surface for 30 days, recently, a "guppy-mackrel" travelled underwater from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbor . . . 1,300 miles . . . in 11 days! Then, the "mackrel" is a true "submersible ship."

It is also curiously understandable.

When swimming, only the end of the periscope and the "mackrel" tip show above water. Radar waves do not penetrate water. That means that a "mackrel"—if it showed up at all—would appear rarely as almost indistinguishable dots on the magic eye of the radar screen.

The same applies to an observation. From a fast-moving plane, the thin wake of a "mackrel" would be for all practical purposes invisible.

Yet—baffled as the "mackrel" may be—it seems close to perfection compared with improved subs which modern scientists have in mind.

The great obstacle to the creation of a true "submersible ship" has always been the mass of machinery with which submarine had had to be equipped. That obstacle is gradually being overcome.

In America, for example, the bulky old-time diesel are being replaced either by the so-called Walter Regens or the German Krusenfeld engine.

The Walter engine is a German development which uses hydrogen peroxide as its motive power. It is said to be capable of producing emergency speeds of at least 20 knots.

The Krusenfeld engine seems even

more efficient and economical. It is a class which uses no open exhaust gases augmented by injections of pure oxygen from oxygen tanks.

This class permits deep underwater operation far beyond the limits of the "torpedo" bombing device. A submarine as equipped could have the same depth as its brother aircraft and its flying place. There it could lurk in safety, if not comfort, for days on end.

Yet both of these subs, *pat* before the "torpedo-prowed" sub, which Britain and the United States are trying to develop.

The real potentialities of such craft can scarcely be calculated.

Their cruising range, for example, would be almost beyond conception. They could cross the Seven Seas and perform feats that were deemed impossible. Without need for the huge 600-ton fuel-carrying power subs must carry, with as much as need for diesel engines or the oil to fuel them, there is no telling what purposes these "submarines" might not serve.

Indeed, the trend is already along American—and, no doubt, all other maritime nations—are working on plans for the many roles which the sub of the future will fill.

At least two U.S. submarines have been converted into "underwater transports." They are claimed to be capable of carrying more than 100 troops, plus amphibious landing craft housed in a large deck tank aft.

Another U.S. sub has been transformed into "an underwater cargo ship"; still another has become an underwater oil tanker . . . a "subtank," as the German type was called.

Four more subs have been converted to "subtanks" itself. Bathy tanks have been fitted on masts and deck; torpedo tubes have been converted, and the after compartment

has been redesigned as a combat intelligence center. Yet, despite their anteroom-like interiors, these ships can still dive for protection. They will be used to detect enemy planes or to control their own fighting aircraft.

A submarine "guided missile ship" has been constructed, able to discharge a modified German V1 flying bomb when struck. (A guided missile recently flew over 15 U.S. warships, and was apparently untouched by any anti-aircraft.)

Moreover, the sub of the future will apparently be armed with newer and more macabre weapons . . . both effective and destructive.

On the destructive side, higher speeds and strengthened pressure hulls are enabling submarines to dive much deeper than the customary 400 feet or so. More efficient breathing gear permits them to be as long for longer and longer periods. More and more sensitive sound gear allows them to detect enemy ships at further and further distances.

On the offensive side, the submarine's subduing power is daily being increased and its vulnerability decreased. Torpedo directors are becoming more and more accurate. Electric "torpedoes" (which move on wake and "sense" automatically on the target) are being produced. With the subs, torpedoes are swiftly increasing their range. The auto directors now move faster than the majority of their prey. For amphibious operations, "rocket launching" subs, which will combine accuracy of underwater approach, long range and heavy striking power, are planned. And the end is not yet.

But what counter measures are available and how effective are they?

There are, of course, many gaols for the against submarine. "Sonar,"

for example, sends out high-frequency sound-waves which will bounce back as echoes from a sub. "Mine-laying" (on the same principle) can be shown over wide areas to warn ships and planes. But "sonar" is relatively useless against a sub using torpedoes of a range greater than "sonar's" range. And "sonar-buoyes" cannot cover the enormous areas over which even a "torpedo" can roam.

Planes may be fitted with radar or "MAD" (a magnetic airborne detector), but the "torpedo" has already driven down much of the plane's usefulness.

On the other hand, the U.S. Navy Ordnance Bureau has tested a surface anti-submarine rocket that takes off from a shipboard launcher at "incredible speed" and "packs a kill staggering enough to blow any sub out of the water."

New types of large surface ships are being built, designed for the first time as anti-submarine vessels—1,000-ton "cruiser-killers" which will be equipped with all the latest devices.

And, above all, there is the "killer-sub" . . . a fast underwater type known to the U.S. Navy as the "puppy model." Streamlined and equipped of all deck guns or other hardware to underwater travel, the "puppy killer" is designed to take up where previous unknown fleets have left off. It will seek its prey in the ocean depths and its actions will be under-ships.

Whether these measures will succeed, only practice can prove, but it is worth remembering that most experts seem to agree that, at present, the submarine has a decided upper hand over all known methods to combat it.

The official journal of the American Ordnance Association has warned that the submarine has altered the whole strategy of total war. "The submarine will become the primary instrument of naval attack in wars of the future," the journal says. "It will remain after the big fleet-type, the battleships, the cruisers and most other surface warships have been retired."

To which Dr. Vannevar Bush, U.S. scientific adviser in World War II, has added: "If we survived, we won against a technically and industrially strong nation . . . a nearly motionless submarine, fast night, determines the outcome of the war in favor of the enemy. Many such submarines methods of the last war are now obsolete. There is no stand-off."

Be the matter stand-off . . . and, as the saying goes, it might be just as well to remember that allied submarine fleets. Russia has at least 120 submarines of the very latest type harbored in her Far-Eastern bases.

Perhaps the world should have trusted Leonardo.



LOVE versus the

RH factor



Marriages are building a mysterious factor that has blighted more marriages than enough

J. R. SOLOMON

ENGAGEMENT NOTICE

C. . . . —M. . . . —The engagement is announced of June M. . . ., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. . . ., of Sydney, to Douglas F. . . ., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. . . ., of Melbourne.

♦ ♦ ♦

IT'S an engagement before you might see any day, anywhere, in any newspaper . . . but this announcement is different; it has a story behind it.

Doug and June both came from good families and no sickness had been noted in either of them at

birth. Doug had two sisters who, like their brother, had been quite healthy babies.

Being very modern young people (and warm skin month), Doug and June went to their doctor for a medical check before they were married. The doctor, after a thorough examination, discovered that both Doug and June were what he called RH positive. He also discovered that Doug was RH positive in a slightly different manner to June. He explained: "You have a slightly different gene formation on your chromosomes. A gene is a mysterious some-

thing which scientists believe controls the hereditary characteristics, such as brown eyes, red hair or left or right handedness. A chromosome is a microscopic body including in its make-up a number of genes. These chromosomes are handed down to a child by his parents, the mother dividing one to each parent and the other to the other. Whether you will be RH positive or RH negative is determined by the genes."

"Let's call the RH positive gene R, or gene genes are always in pairs, call it RH. In the same way label the RH negative gene dD."

Since Doug and June were both RH positive, they should both be DD, the doctor added. However, Doug was slightly different to June, whereas June is DD, Doug is dD. This means that either Doug's mother or father was RH negative and the other RH positive.

There goes DD in stronger than gene d when the two are combined DD, a baby would be RH positive and not RH negative.

Ed and Valerie, on the other hand, wanted to become engaged about a year ago.

Ed's mother, however, when she was told they wished to marry, would not consent to the engagement being announced until both had been medically examined. It was found that Valerie was RH negative (dd) and Ed RH positive (DD). Ed's mother forbade the engagement on the grounds that their children would not be healthy and normal. Ed was angry on the family line.

Ed was whisked off to the other side of the world to forget Val. Perhaps his mother was very wrong, but how to predict?

Another couple, Bert and Ruth, got themselves married despite the fact that he was RH positive and she RH

negative (just like Ed and Valerie). Their first child, a girl, was quite normal, but their second child, a boy, developed slight anemia after 2 or 3 days. Still, the baby was given a transfusion of RH negative blood and, after a few days, all signs of anemia disappeared.

The next child, a boy, was born with severe anemia, but died about the eighth day of his life.

Ruth's doctor seriously advised her against having any more children, saying that her next pregnancy would be as vital, but the woman will she had yet another child. It was stillborn.

Bert and Ruth were in one typical of those two per cent of RH positive and RH negative combinations that are affected by the RH Factor.

So let us look at the case of an RH positive man (having the genes DD) who marries an RH negative woman. In the instance where the RH factor comes into play we shall take two cases. One is typical the other shows an outside factor which comes to light and which has not yet been stated.

The first case is that of Harry and Pat. Since Harry has two different genes there can be two different combinations with Pat's genes. The baby can either be dd (RH negative), or Dd (RH positive).

The first child was a boy who was RH negative the second an RH positive girl. The third child was again RH negative, but the fourth was RH positive and died soon after its birth.

Harry and Pat did not have more children . . . but they could have had a few more and, provided they were RH negative, the children would have been quite normal, healthy babies. However, all other RH positive children would have died.

The other case is that of Murphy

LAUDATION FOR THE PRESENT SOCKY STATE OF POETS

There's a certain young poet
named Whimsy,
Who takes nightingale walks with
the Muse.

But those nymphs of the air
Are not what they were...
And the practice has led to
oblivion.

Another stirring stanza from
that immortal poet, AMON

on learning this that they went to a lawyer and sued the army because of the negligence, which, they claimed, caused Margery's inability to bear live RH positive children.

Margery won her case but was no more comforted than before.

Her next child was a healthy RH negative girl, and the next was an RH negative boy, but Margery and Max did not have any more children.

What is it that causes these RH positive babies to be affected at or before birth? When an RH negative woman is carrying a child who is RH positive, the mother's system builds up a number of anti-RH positive agglutinins to combat the RH positive antigenicity of the baby.

Agglutinins, in order to understand them, can be compared as a very broad and general way with, say, the virus of any common ailment. They can, in the more general way, be compared with the antibodies your blood system builds up to combat this invader. The antibodies in the human blood system destroy the virus in order to heal the body; and, in the same way, the agglutinins react with the antigenicity of the baby. When this happens, the red blood cells of the baby are broken down and the human红细胞 are supplied by these blood cells are injured.

This is why a baby may be born with jaundice or jaundice occurs when the red blood cell is broken down.

When a number of agglutinins have been formed, owing to a number of pregnancies, more red blood cells are broken down and the human 红细胞 are destroyed so badly destroyed that the baby is born dead.

There is, however, no II effect upon the mother's circulation. In this way it does not matter in the

mother's circulation how many children are affected by the RH Factor. Can anything be done to cure the results of this RH Factor? Unfortunately, it isn't possible to prevent a child from being RH positive if the mother is RH negative, for this is determined by genes. The only thing we do is to try to help the baby's circulation on birth.

Still, we do know whether a baby, when in the fetal stage, is RH positive or RH negative. This is determined by testing the mother's serum if the RH antibody is found to be present, an affected baby can be avoided.

The doctor may, of course, want the baby to be born 3-4 weeks prematurely in order to make the breakdown of the red blood cells less. This is, however, a risk and can only be taken where every facility for dealing with premature babies is present.

If a baby is only very mildly affected, the need to transfuse may not be necessary, as the baby's circulation may be strong enough to overcome this.

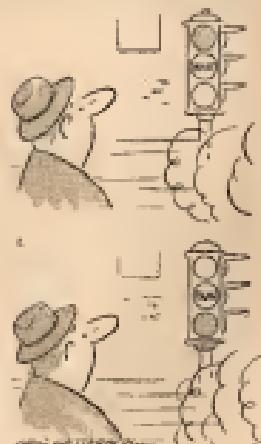
In a badly affected case, the need to transfuse is very urgent. In some hospitals in Sydney the complete circulation of the baby is replaced with fresh blood. Blood of the same grouping as the baby (this which is RH negative) is used. RH negative blood is not affected by the RH positive agglutinins present in the baby's blood and therefore prevents further breakdown.

Strangely enough, it has been found that to transfuse RH negative blood from a female is made more satisfactory than transfusing RH negative blood from a male. The reason for this is not, however, known.

The only way in which a healthy baby can be born when an RH posi-

tive man is married to an RH negative woman (who has previously given birth to a badly-punished RH positive child) is to have a baby on a result of artificial insemination by an RH negative donor. This method, however, is still the subject of wide debate and is not widely used. However, it has brought a great deal of happiness to some families.

So you can see how necessary it is to have good medical care during a pregnancy or to have a medical check before marriage. But do not be alarmed. According to all the RH positive-RH negative marriages, only two per cent are affected. Perhaps in the future, with the advances of modern science, even this two per cent will be eliminated. You never know. Love . . . it's surprising.



and Max. Their first child, a boy, was stillborn. The doctor found that this was again due to the RH Factor. As in previous cases it only occurred after one or two, perhaps even more babies had been stillborn.

Why why was Margery's baby stillborn? Margery suffered during the early days of the war. Whilst in New Guinea the hospital on which she was staying was bombed. Margery was badly wounded in the area, losing much blood. So many were wounded and the need for transfusions was so urgent that my blood was given to the victims provided, of course, that it matched their blood grouping.

As a result Margery was transfused with an amount of RH positive blood making her incapable of bearing any live RH positive children.

This would not, of course, affect any RH negative children she had, so there was a 50-50 chance of her children living.

Margery and Max were so despaired.

If music be the voice of love, sing on;
but remember all music isn't music.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

ROBIN ATHERTON

—so what!

WHAT should they laugh while you sit down to play after "Six Easy Lessons"? Music can come from an axe-blade or meat-chopper.

Each time I hear "God Save the King" my personal consciousness does system bring up a picture of a fat little woman in black boubou who is snatching the familiar strains from the region of her stern throat.

It's rude, and dammed impudent, for the party one was Queen Victoria, probably more concerned than ever when an enterprising crewperson presented her with his pride and joy: a music-box to be operated in a

lady's boudoir and so impressed that whenever the lady sat down (I over the week 10 it was my turn and tickled out "God Save the Queen." But Queen Victoria is not the only British queen whose name is linked with a giddy musical contraption. When Queen Queen Bess worked some particular time from the Sultan of Turkey in 1558, she sent him an organ that would knock the pants off any of our picture-theatre instruments.

It played four times a day without an operator. After a clock had struck, shapes of bells pealed and several songs tickled out, two carved angels raised their trumpets and

voiced a selected melody.

Following that, on the words of the man who sent and sent with it, it's a special step to meet it in Constitution. "Then the monkeys went off, and played a rump of five parties toyed over. In the top of the organ, it being 16 feet high, did stand a baby brother full of blackie birds and diamonds, which at the end of the monkey did spring and shake them reprobate . . ."

The English were always partial to novel instruments. In 1710 on "Old on St. Cecilia's Day," "was adapted to the ancient British custom, viz. 'the salt-horn, the jew's harp, the tabor, the narrow bones, the shawm, and the shawm-trom or hand-candy."

There was something red-blooded and vital about music in those days. Everyone had a head in it.

The rag started into the kitchen, cracked the whitewash was nearest, then turned their teeth to the culture and gave tongue to something topical, noisy, and—preferably—bawdy, while one kept time with the tea towels, another marched on the salt-horn, while another grabbed a narrow bone and, with it, barked neurons hell out of the meat chopper.

But one doesn't have to delve back into the past for unusual instruments.

I sometimes wonder where Frankenstein is these days. Last news was that he was on his way to England, following publication of one of the many songs he had written and, only too often, played on the streets as a busker.

Frank had a fiddle made from newspaper. Every inch of it — body, neck, scroll, sound pegs and tuning keys — was made from newspaper that had been glued and compressed into sheets; then soaked in linseed oil to make them wood-hard before

being sawn and shaped. Only the bridge supporting the strings was of wood.

You could read *Books, Books and Marriage* of the 1880's on the front of it, and the sporting news on the back.

It had a soft, mellow tone, and was made by Frank's father, an Englishman who came to Australia.

Another chap I once wrote was a New Australian who was carefully grafting a tiny violin body from a piece of pine knocked from a fruit-tree, in the wood-carving room at the Melbourne Technical College.

The tools were a handful of gouges and chisels cut down from standard-size tools so he could carry them in his coat pocket. They were about all he possessed when he escaped from Europe. He worked at the Dog at night because his landlord objected to noise in his quiet-living room.

When the fiddle body was fitted to a mandolin neck (red pine ditched from a firewood pile and polished to the color of rawwood) and the whole thing finished, varnished and strung as a mandolin, it played quite tunefully and plausibly and fitted comfortably into the back pocket of his trousers.

That was the size of the small size and the little-shaped body—the mandolin hand-busking, and still clinging to a habit of wandering that of singing to the accompaniment of resonator or guitar while wandering along the roads.

Another busker who brings to light some of the gadgets folks run up when music enters their soul.

Australia's Amateur Hour had rather a run some years back when ingenious instruments turned up with everything from washboard rhythm to marionette shows.

Ah, no. As everywhere! Latin gods in Hollywood are hardly deities that you drug with your appeal. The conventional stretching and clanging skins now in vogue will be replaced by the tested process of popular suggestion, guaranteed to knock every male from 12 to 72 rushing to the movies. *Clowns* audience invention, *Violent is Good*. "Trouble with present skins is that they were almost everyone away from the spot marked X, no red-blooded rock 'n' roll man of the music scene, be that artist will be able to recruit the appealing sheiks of Lauren Bacall, Dorothy Lamour or Betty Grable." Or will they? Depends on the boulder, maybe. You never can tell for sure.

—From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine

Young Jean Gilbert, of *Rebel Without a Cause*, had already gone through the water-bottle-and-one-string-kidie phase when the Bear visited her home town. She decided that dad (whom she remembers when?) would make a pretty tyke-pon. After sifting through a couple of hundred to find 11 that were nose enough to two chiseled cutters, she strong them on cost, and tapped her way to the box of the vet.

One punk played tame on an ear. The edge was so finely ground that he could create scratches by *blowout* across it.

A couple of pygmies got quite extraordinary effects from a guillotine and a couple of dinner knives. Another character was born! in clowns' theater from a human re-quest.

Corporal Randall, in *RAAF* blues, turned up with a mandolin that was, to all intents and purposes, quite ordinary—except that he'd made it himself from broken *Beetle* Moth propeller blades.

Then there was Bert Gray, of *Danger*, who solved the age-old problem

of how to play the bagpipes without blowing your lungs out.

Bert arrived at the studio for an *Aussie* *Home* break-out with his little effort on the back of a utility truck. It took four men to lug it into the studio.

One could say it was quite solidly built. Harry Lander crossbones reported a pair of blacksmith's hammers which connected to provide hawks, shags and spring.

Even the branch of a sturdy tree was incorporated in the aching machine which—when in full blast—formed a steady gale of wind through a set of bagpipes, and played the *hallelujah* on an accompaniment.

To carry on, the Paul Paper says, a set so far-fetched as it would seem, back in 1921, Edinburgh Scotland had a undertaker who accounted for 700 sets a week with two dogs and a ten-wheelie.

An old-timer told me that back around the 1920's the host of *December*—or was it *Washington County House*?—joined on quite a performance for visitors when he stood in

front of a small crew, attired in kilts and sporrans, and started a lament for long-dead Scots and the heroic lads of some.

The audience wriggled into seats at the mouth of the crew and disappeared again when the show was over three hours and two sets of bagpipes.

The bag carpet snakes on the ledge higher up in the rocks also proved off when the water stopped.

Some time ago a story went the rounds concerning a pipe major of Sydney, who went fishing with the bagpipes. He fished his finny dinner in the surface with pointed sticks and pulled them before they could escape.

Whether they were charmed or stunned, was never quite established.

So there you are. If you must have reason, you can make it from something from a tobacco tin to an airplane propeller, and, if you feel like

writing your own melodies into the bagpipes, see if you can research an old pamphlet of *Macbeth*. The title page reads "How to compose a noisy *Garrison* without an *Irish* without the least knowledge of music."

It was not done by accident, it was done by thousands then.

Don't let it worry you if friends don't praise your unusual suggestion. It's all a matter of taste. And Mark Twain said the last word on taste when he was handed over the role by a musical organization for during a bluster a performance of "Believe."

"What makes you think you can *gratuate*, Clement?" Can you play the piano? Have you ever written a song?" asked the friend.

"No I can't and I haven't," said the writer-songster. "And I can't lie or sing either. But I know damn well when I get one that's rotten."



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

The Man from Tammany Hall was tough, but the Cockney Bred and the Gold Soil beat him

FRANK BROWNE



"BOSS" CROKER meets the Britons

ONE day in the late nineties, a Canadian disparaged an American politician who intended settling in Ireland. He might have crossed the Atlantic for a number of reasons. The desire to drift cold-bogged horses and green fields, a year in bear the responsibilities of, say, a youngish to drift himself in the history of the little little side.

In actual fact, his migration had a much more urgent impetus. Had he not imagined, he would undoubtedly — as several of his associates did — have made a short hop up the Hudson River to a place geographically known as Coney Island (and more officially

gaily and evilly named Sing Sing). The man, whose name was Croker, was a dissolute New York politician. As Boss of Tammany Hall (an organization which had been bussing the City's administration for some years), Mr. Croker had been responsible for some trifling erosion of judgment that had cost the City some money.

For instance, he had entered into a contract for paving stones which involved some millions of dollars, and the contractor had forgotten to deliver the stones.

A Grand Jury investigated the City Administration and decided that an

only could the City do without the Tammany Boys, but that certain of them should be provided with free board and lodgings at the State's expense.

"Boss" Croker, with fine foresight, had stowed away a little pittance of a million dollars or so in England against the evil day. He decided that the time had come to follow his money over the water.

It was obviously an occasion which called for an open mind and a short shrift.

And it was in this receptive mood that "Boss" Croker landed in England.

He set himself to spy out the land and its opportunities.

He went to the races a few times and decided that here was a field for exploitation.

He went back to the States, asking them to send over a remittance of horses, with which he could make a name on the English turf.

He made in America proved their versatility with the difficulties by sending him a collection of lay-burrs who had some difficulty in standing up, let alone running.

Doping was prevalent in America then, and the noxie "Boss" Croker got very those short as full of dope that nothing short of dynamite would have induced them to gallop.

"The Boss," most annoyed at this demonstration of the ingratitudes of men, bought some English bloodstock, engaged a trainer to run with a repertory for some goals than honesty) and bought some stables at Newmarket.

Then he received another shock. The Jockey Club, that staid body of men, notified him that they didn't want him at Newmarket.

"They can't do that is not" shouted the irate Boss. But they

could, and did. So he took himself off to Ireland, where he set up a stud-farm. He had one desire. That was to breed a Derby winner, to show "those stuck-up sooks" of the Jockey Club that "Boss" Croker was not a man to be trifled with."

He also sent to America for a good blood horse. The one and last was a mare called Rhoda B. For three years, the Croker Stud produced colts that turned out for passengers, but not much by any means.

Then he tested Rhoda B. with Orrie, son of the great Ormonde.

The resultant colt was a longish chestnut who showed little promise as a two-year-old running horse for the track.

But in the three-year-old year . . . 1901 . . . he began to show signs of class.

That year was a week Derby year. The favorite at 10 to 4 "on" breed another Irish blood horse, Slove Galion.

But Slove Galion couldn't handle the tracky Epsom stakes. He raced down to Tattonfield Course with his head in the air, and Ody, right on his wheel, shot clear as they straightened up.

It was all over then, and Ody strolled home as easy winner, with "Boss" Croker looking towards the official stand and groaning.

He had brought off his million-to-one chance reverse on the Jockey Club.

Back to Ireland went Ody, and "The Boss" settled down to make a real mark in breeding. Ody began to get good stock.

"The Boss," whose language was nearly as colorful as his past, gradually became respectable and was admitted to the circle of fashionable breeders. Now, as then, however, there would be suggestion that he

Over 10,000 spectators go into a stall. A customer of average height needs 20,000 stitches by hand and 20,000 by machine. Trimmers need 1,000 hand stitches and 10,000 machine, a pocket 20,000 hand and 20,000 machine. So — as best — estimates Hungarian tailor, D. C. Raky. A U.S. tailor, one Cushing, found his costs had 6,138 hand stitches, 1,118 for the waistcoat, 1,000 for breeches and 20,000 for pocket.

was in with the more dispensable element on the Turf . . . the boys whose horses were down the course when they were fit, and steamed home at 140 with forty SF down in the steadily loaded with bets on the winner.

Gray began to throw free specimens in his early days as a jockey. Super Palm and Gold Brigade were two of the fastest horses up to a mile that Rageday has known.

In 1917 Croker sold Lord Glanster an Octy colt for \$15,000. Had Glanster realized when he was buying he would probably have dropped dead. That colt, who was by a race with no pretensions to class at all, was named Grand Parade. Under that name, he went on to win the Derby of 1928.

"The Boof" was not a young name when he crossed the Atlantic in the summer. Yet, after the war, in 1919, he interested himself in Irish politics. Not on a grand scale of course, but in local and county elections.

A rich stock was waiting the Boof

Show that the methods used by Treasury in New York would be enough to win hands down in the rural elections of the Old Red. Croker went to work.

The old Treasury man never knew what had hit him. His side of candidates was crushedly defeated. "God knows how many times were of these voted?" said the "Boof" admiringly. "There were only three thousand voters in Ballybeggan, and we counted four times that many votes."

Equally, elections in those days went to the strongest rather than the worthy...

Croker was faced with the rural Irish in an attempt to win the Killy Heat Cup. He had the horses to do it, but didn't want to bore anything to chance. The race was for amateur riding but Croker sent to England and got a professional nonconformist jockey, who rode under an assumed name.

Croker's horse started a hot favorite, although a noticeable point about the betting was that the second horse had been very well backed by its connections to beat the favorite.

"The Boof" saw his horse win by a great margin and was all smiles. The scales only showed a couple of minutes. The connections of the second horse fixed as a protest.

Croker entered the Swords' Room to find that the grounds for the protest were that his horse had been ridden by a professional. The shamus could be proven without trouble and the racing jockey, hoping to get off lightly himself, broke down and admitted everything.

He lost the race and was warned off for a year.

But the shamus had really hurt him way that he found out that the corner

of the second house—a post by the name of O'Leary—had been, at the time when the "Boof" was up in it, had mainly been the road, making a market for the O'Learys entry, with no chance at all of getting the road.

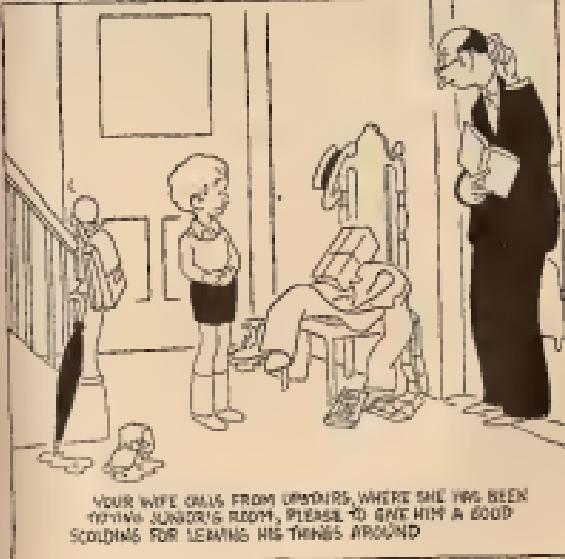
The Croker Stand, in the years 1917-1920, made its mark on the Steeple, Turf, and Grand Parade, Cork three Dicks, one of the best Ellen English names has seen, and Croker narrowly missed the third of breaking a third English Derby win-

ner when Orpheus was beaten a head in the Derby of 1920.

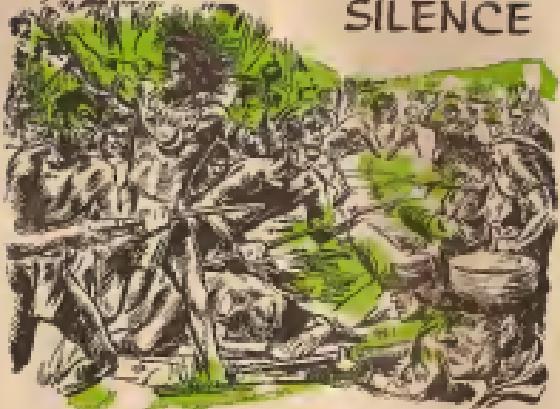
An old man Croker, having been assured that all had been forgotten and forgotten, made a trip back to New York in 1938. He was happy to find that Treasury was back in control of the city, but he was not too happy to find that Prohibition was as strong.

That was too much. He had intended to stay in the States, but the small prospect drew him back to Ireland, where he died in 1942.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



PRINCE OF BLACK SILENCE



From the shoulders of a messenger, there arose an African chief who had a genius of war.

By LESTER WAY

IN 1859, the Kanembo ruled a day-dreamlike village. They were after last-hours last, living bodies. They slaughtered those who were too old, or too young, for the slave market and carried off the miserable specimens.

Both roads were about daily occurrences along the Senegal River in Africa, and this one would have been forgotten overnight, but for a young woman who was captured, and a boy who was not.

The captured woman was Fatigay, wife of a caravan trader. Pierre Leti had known her, and had described

her—a slender black body; a face, thin; a well-tumed mouth, and—eyes open.

What was more important, she had a thirteen-year-old son named Sennary. That name has passed into history.

Returning to the shackles that had been his village, Sennary started at once to confront the divided Kanembo chief, and to demand the return of his mother.

Something about the boy impressed the chief.

He didn't release his lovely new concubine, but neither did he use

Sennary to hold him as a slave. He kept the boy as his personal servant, and was soon entrusting him with important affairs.

That was Sennary's start in life.

He had a capacity for leadership, a power of attracting men's devotion which has been compared to that of Napoleon. He welded together an African alliance and placed himself at the head of a military force larger than ever the Senegal region had seen since the days of the Arab conquest. He made himself king, and started on a career of conquest.

But the French were also excited in conquering Senegal. That made them awkward; it made them particularly awkward for the French.

However, by 1881, Sennary was leading a force of over 50,000 men. According to a Colonial Prop, 2000 of them were mounted, and it was a formidable army. The French were hopelessly outnumbered, they suffered defeat after defeat.

To be sure, the French were using native troops. They depended on the Senegalese sheep shepherds whom they called "volunteers," though actually, with few exceptions, they were slaves whom the French had bought at the recommended price of \$25 a head.

As it was, the war dragged on. Sennary won many engagements, but could gain no decisive victory; his kingdom was never secure.

In 1882, the French offered an armistice, and a truce was agreed. It recognized Sennary's sovereignty, and provided for trade and travel between his kingdom and the French-controlled zone. In addition, the French undertook to entertain Sennary's son, Kanembo, in Paris, showing him the full glamor of civilization, and letting him sample the delights.

It was on Kanembo that the French

placed their hopes. On this young savage, straight from the depths of Africa, Paris concentrated all its hopes.

But far delatorily, Paris offered infinite bounties. Kanembo death the speckled wren. He accepted the numerous tempting presents which offered themselves. He viewed the French army at first, he witnessed mock military exhibitions. And he kept a solemn face, saying nothing.

He listened intently to the French diplomats, the "experts on Africa." They could always get him out, they could count on a following vindictiveness from him.

But they couldn't get any answer. During his entire visit, he spoke so rarely that Parisians were nicknamed him "The Prince of Black Silence." They even tried an expensive concubine to drown Kanembo by her wiles, and he dug out what he thought of all the best men and heard.

In the end, the experts themselves had to pay his lips open. They started with a direct question about Demba, chief of the Bagoboos.

Was Demba a follower of Sennary? Kanembo said, "Yes, Demba serves Sennary very well."

Did Sennary trust Demba? Did he have a high opinion of him?" Kanembo replied.

Then the diplomats explained, in language so simple that even a tongue-tied savant must understand, how Kanembo could continue to serve all the lords of France. They said Demba Demba was a man of great wisdom. Kanembo's future would be fine from now, it would be full of pleasure, if he would allow Demba to guide him in all things.

Kanembo should urge his father to place Demba in charge of treaty negotiations, and to give Demba control of the army. This would be proof of

STATE OF THE NATION (III)

Cry havoc! Cry havoc! Cry havoc! Hooray!
 Broadcasters, baw! Get into the show
 We're ruined! We're bankrupt! Well, isn't that good.
 I've always suspected we would if we could!
 The A-bomb, the H-bomb and atom bombs
 Will soon have us serving up meat to the worms!
 Chain reaction'll split us, so — atoms, at last —
 We'll all be eaten what we were in the past!
 It's doom! It's destruction! Why things are so bad,
 It's a painful pleasure to feel merely sad
 Yet, broad-busters, permit me, before I'm herself,
 To enjoy just a little the life I've got left.

JAY-RAY

good faith, and France would reward Karamoko. Did the Prince understand?

"Genuinely, the blackness nodded. 'I understand,'" he said. "I have seen much, and I understand."

As a parting gesture, they loaded Karamoko with expensive gifts. In particular, they gave him the very last of their repeating rifles, tastefully ornamented and engraved.

He fired it loudly, and his usually solemn face broke into a wide, gleaming smile.

Back in Scenopol, Karamoko was invited to the frontier of Savary's kingdom with fitting pomp. He carried his precious repeating rifle over his arm while he watched the approach of the escort sent by his father. It halted 50 yards from him. It was commanded by Deneka.

Deneka advanced alone. He maneuvered to greet Karamoko with the

usual communist speech of welcome, but the young prince ignored him sharply. He ordered Deneka to stand beside the French officer, and to remove them, not moving.

Karamoko crossed over and greeted his father's warriors warmly. He turned and found the French detachment, he found the high-ranking French officer and the short-circuited Deneka. And there, standing on his own soil, he gave the orders which the French had failed to get from him in Form.

"Deneka, where the Toobak?" he cried. "He is a traitor!"

He raised his repeating rifle and pumped three bullets into Deneka's breast.

"Death to the treacherous Toobak!" he shouted, and his most bullet packed off the French officer.

His father's warriors opened fire, and only two of the small French

survived their frenzied slice. The noise had ended abruptly.

In Savary's land, the French commanding decided on a hasty retreat. He could muster five thousand sharpshooters at short notice; he ordered a forced march into Savary's kingdom. His objective was swift and total victory; it was to capture both Savary and Karamoko by an unexpected blow.

The attack was made through Savary's territory. The Savaryites were the bulwark of the French, the bulwark of Scenopol, favored in all ways and enriched by French rule. An attack from that quarter would give them a second rear, the French thought.

Did they forget that Savary himself was a Karamokolian? Or did they forget his registered "military notability?"

The column crossed Savary's frontier without opposition. It marched fast, and saw no sign of the enemy for a full day. Night fell, but the column pressed on while, behind it, another column—the sharpshooters' wives with bayonets on their heads—trudged wearily, unable to measure the falling pace.

They were as far behind that these women did not warn the army. They were commanded by French-trained Karamokolians. They were stripped of everything, including their clothes. Karamokolian women took charge of them, and the men swept on to strike at the rear of the column.

It was a black night, and the French assumed it was Savary behind them. They were bound to fight here at last, and Karamoko made a frontal attack.

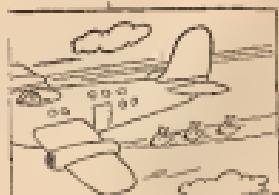
He threw the French into confusion. Next, an attack came on both flanks; it was a perfect trap, and Savary's warriors were adept at night-fighting.

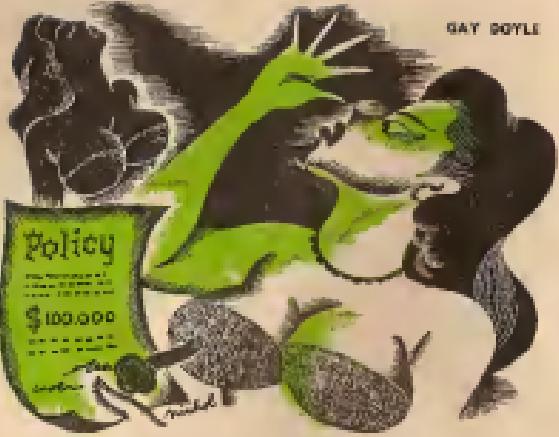
Even so, not a sharp shooter survived. The battle raged till dawn, and daylight found a pitiful fragment of the invading force still surviving. Savary's men made about forty of them.

The victims withdrew. The sun rose. Many of the wounded were still conscious when Karamokolian women began threading their way through the carnage. These women were armed with knives and they hacked the naked wrists of the sharpshooters before them.

They forced each wife to identify her husband, then forced her to witness the mutilations they had come to perform.

So Karamoko repaid the French for the strange pleasure they had treated him in Peru.





GAY DOYLE

BATTLE of the BULGE

(BOUDOIR DIVISION)

Clothes aren't only limited to materialistic
Auntie varieties, too, come mayhem

If you'll just be patient a moment
until we stop glibbering, we'd like
to announce that the United States
of America appears to be on the verge
of another Civil, quite as touchy
Civil War.

As a matter of fact, the opening
shots seem to have been fired in what
historians will probably remember as
Fashon's Battle of the Bulge(s).

In the center on our right, coming

out (and in all the best places, too), is "The Crumpled Hobbs-Habits Girl" . . . Miss Evelyn (Treasure Chest) West . . . Bells of the Boudoir Bell.

In the center on our left, also setting out in much the same manner, is "Mrs. America" . . . known more domestically as Mrs. Frances Floyd . . . to the gaudily dressed matrons of the Republic.

So—before the gong goes — we'd

better put you right in the picture. (You'll find several on Page 28 to 32.)

Believe it or not, Miss West's first
job found her fully dressed. To tell
the truth, she began as a "pin-up
girl," dispensing chores in Peoria, Illinois . . . for the enormous
remuneration of fifteen dollars a week.

Rightly, Miss West realized she was
not cut out (literally and metaphorically), for such a role. She began
to develop herself in all manner at a dancing class. Before long, she
had won over the gaping nose of
the public as "Habba-Habba Girl,
Nr. 1."

And "team" is the word. Soon
her powers through the masses had
led a socialist's description of *Fascism* . . . which was not surprising,
for Miss West was killing herself as
a "non-classical male dancer" (by
no means an overstatement).

Then came a night at Staple
Mountain's club in "Tropic" . . . and Miss
West put her best foot (or something) forward.
A star role in "A Night At
The Fellow" followed. Miss West . . .
and her "Treasure-Chest" . . .
were going places.

She became "an exotic dancer" . . .
and the short interval in a form-fitting
black evening gown . . . and escorted
by an appealing but spry
dancer by the name of Ruby.

Photographer's flash-balls are re-
ported to have exploded uninvited
and the asterisk-mark on type-writers
was red-hot under the trembling fingers
of social critics.

Miss West Fashon extended her
night-club bookings to include per-
sonal displays in ten theater circuits . . .
in California and other points,
north, south, east and West. She
also managed to cut into the regular
line of her frock to appear on the
"Mrs. Thin Happy."

And—just to be sure that there was
never a dull moment—she earned a
writing card. It read (literally but
revelingly): "ACT! Very novel and
unusual strip . . . fun, comedy, drama
and suspense . . . Works solid or
strong . . . 11 minutes."

The heat was definitely on. Simulta-
neously, however, there was reading
in the same location as Miss
West . . . breathing the same air, at
last . . . Mrs. Frances Floyd . . . "Mrs.
America" . . . recently styled
as the perfect specimen of All-
American motherhood.

"Mrs. America" even took to her
breast the responsibility for the up-
turn of the stormy hollow.

Blistered readers, perhaps, when
crowded at Assembly Park (New Jersey), "Mrs. America" was unwary
enough to warrant the opinion that
she *women* should be married before
she can qualify as really matured
and beautiful."

Which was evidently lightning-tail
of a high-toned brand. Miss West
(who has since had romance of
"Treasure Chest" for two very ob-
vious reasons) was immediately la-
bored to unknown harm . . . in many
ways and with considerable ob-
jection. She let it be known that she
took an extremely poor view of
"Mrs. America's" policies for propagation
of such generation.

"Where's war with these curves
of mine?" she demanded suddenly of
a bug-eyed portion of the Press.
"I've never been married and I
haven't had any complaints about my
virginity."

Not a word was said in dazy H.
Even "Mrs. America" reserved her
epicureans. But Miss West refused
to be annoyed.

"What has Mrs. America got that
I haven't got?" she snorted. "Judge
for yourselves." The Press inge-

Once upon a time, it used to be said in China that pictures of English women were "English meat, with Chinese bones." Which seems to call for the explanation: "How true! How very true!" When an Oriental brassiereless was asked by a break commercial attorney what he thought of the state of the world, he answered: "Well, had I can do, who didn't." Which means "Very bad. To be or not to be, that's the question." Get the point?

every hastened to oblige her. They judged that Miss West had got her less four and three-quarters inches in height; 128 lbs in weight; 26 inches of waist; 36 inches of hips. "And what you're interested in, measures 26 and a half inches," Miss West concluded expansively.

Brooding deeply, several companies' statements took themselves away to check up on "Mrs. America." They discovered that "Mrs. America" had won. Height, five feet six inches; weight, 125 lbs.; waist, 26 inches; hips, 36 inches, and the right one, chest, 36½ inches.

Whereupon Miss West's manager blithely seized a golden chance of spawning a new trend. "This matter has been hanging on too long," he would Miss America. "I offer you a definite chance of an anatomy contest. Let the public sit in judgment on the sumptuousness of the two."

He even promised to pay "Mrs. America's" travelling expenses. Unfortunately, "Mrs. America" was then absorbed in the routine of getting

herself a divorce and was unable to accept.

It would be church not to add that Miss West has the weight of the evidence on her side.

But she is (from the record) taking no chances. Presently working on the theory that a Treasure Chest is in danger if not covered, Miss West has gone in the direction of mastering her retributions with Lloyd's of London. The amount involved is quoted variously as \$2,000 dollars and 10,000 dollars ("big for each," claims United Frost, the risk being "non-reward."

And Lloyd's should know.

There was only one small hitch in Miss West's dalliance with Lloyd's . . . and that was speedily overcome. It was caused by the policy's insistence that "the property to be covered must be examined and found to be in good condition." Though an ample supply of amateur observers was naturally available, these lacked the technical qualifications. An expert was needed. He was soon found in the person of Dr. Philip E. Brinberg, Physicist and Surgeon, of Hollywood.

In his official statement, Dr. Brinberg disclosed that Miss W. was "available" for the purposes of pathological research.

Both Lloyd's and Miss W. promptly signed on the dotted line.

What "Mrs. America's" reply will be remains, of course, to be seen.

Miss West—oh, you have been able to observe for yourselves—a distinctly a Woman of Parts. She, a few hours ago informed not only others; she is also an inventor.

The latest product of her ingenuity called as a brassiere with a built-in sex seal.

This interesting contraption has been reported by the U.S. Press, who agree that "though it may not have

the significance of the brain-children of Thomas Alva Edison and the Wright Brothers, it is certainly drawing much greater attention."

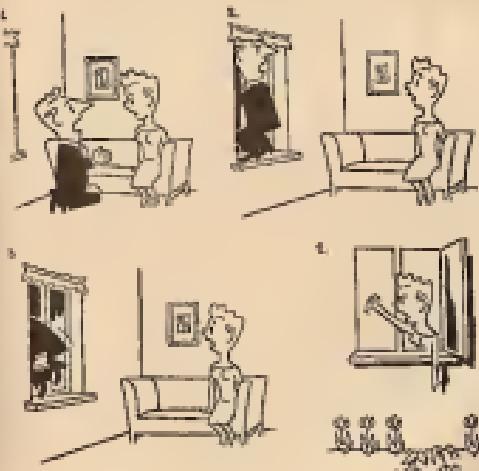
Actually, the device does not differ from the ordinary uplift to female muscle . . . except for the difference that what a difference! Instead of having to fasten the garment (or what have you) by reaching round to some point behind your back where you can't even scratch with enjoyment, all you need to do is pull a simple zipper . . . in front.

As Miss West explains: "It's the sort of thing a lady can keep her eye on."

Miss W.'s answer is a modest's prayer will be marketed as "The Hulme-Hobbs Bra."

Postscript: We wish to emphasize that Miss Evelyn ("Treasure Chest") West—despite a curious resemblance—has no claim to any relationship with Miss Mae ("Come Up And See Me") West. Miss "TC" West was born Pat McQuillan, of Colgate, Kentucky.

STOP PRESS: International experiments are reported in the British of the British. British beauty Queen, Marie Wilson, has also thrown out an open challenge. Considering that she has so far annihilated any rival with anything to be clearly about, Miss Wilson adds pointedly that "she only hopes U.S. has a room-size bag enough to fit her."



THE END of Arguments



do earthworms help the soil?

Now, think hard. Remember, many people who like the soil also like earthworms but criticism for earthworms can scarcely be accounted for on scientific grounds. For plants to get the nutrients in organic matter, the matter must first be decomposed. The role of decomposer is played by many soil organisms, of which the friendly earthworm is only one. Not all productive soils have earthworms. Even today, it's anyone's guess whether earthworms are present because soil is productive or whether soil is productive because earthworms live there. Doubtless, it's some of both.

How many photographs can you take in a second?

Latest record has been set by a camera which operates at a speed of 10 million pictures a second. When photographed by this camera, the act of striking a match can be magnified at speeds so high that nearly eleven days would be needed to show it on the screen at normal silent motion picture speed. Compared with this, the most silent motion picture cameras take only 18 exposures a second.

What is a "Womaniac Statesman"?

Believe it or not, a "Womaniac Statesman" is the latest non-sensical moniker preferred by the U.S. Census Bureau. The idea is that the quan-

tumeters are filled out by cameras connected with a special metal pencil or metallic ink and are then fed into a machine. By magnetic contact, electric impulses are generated; these operate a punching device. In this way cards are punched out and these go into tabulators. The machine will run four after hour and consumes very little power.

Who's the highest-paid jockey?

By all accounts, Gordon Richards is estimated that in his years of riding, Champion Richards won \$1,000,000 in prize money for his owners. In Britain, jockeys regularly get 20 per cent of the prize money, often more, than Richards earned \$200,000 in prize-money alone. In addition, he got at least \$25,000 a year in retainer from owners. Altogether, he earned \$400,000 in his career. Steve Donthorne was reported to have earned \$300,000.

Is it a good sign if a man gripes about his job?

Yes, definitely, declares the U.S. University of Michigan Institute of Social Research after a two-year study. They claim that the man or woman who complains most about his job, his company and his boss, usually makes the best workers. Sorenson "While this type will often spend his lunch hours discussing his job, the driving urge is always with him and this operates back to his job, fired with an excess of productive energy."



A
CHESTFUL
OF
TREASURE

Miss Miss Evelyn West, the Original Rubber-Rubber Girl popularly known for obvious reasons as "Treasure Chest" and, before you ask, don't be over-entertained. There's real gold in there, but, I assure you, we know we're being carryin' too when we have to say in that Miss West's most prominent attributes are really worth to money. As a matter of fact, they're loaded with no less than \$200,000 of treasure for \$10,000 dollars.

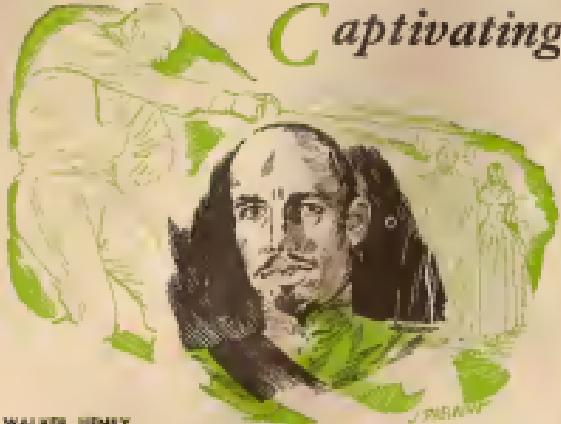


And, we must say, we agree entirely with Lloyd's on their assessment. Don't be troubled by this lurking suspicion, however: despite the preceding saga, Miss Design ("Treasure Chest") West doesn't have a relationship with Miss West ("Come-uppante-ette"). West Evelyn has a career of her own — an exotic dancer and supermodelness.



And these two snippets of in "Treasure Chest" in cotton, you will agree, leave no doubt about her popular appeal. Yet Miss West is not solely an actress. She is also no mean inventor . . . already she has designed "a plastic swim suit" to inexpensive use that you can show off in most of the best places, in pink and "The bubble bubble boy" (which, being monikered, means a bracelet with a bubble zipper . . . in front). Asked to what she attributes these successes in life, Miss West replied: "Oh, I've just learned to keep ahead of the game."

the captain was too *Captivating*



WALKER HENRY

The ladies found him just too, too captivating but if they had known him like a lover, he would have stood himself well.

CAPTAIN Peter J. de Fontaine was obviously born to demonstrate the cheering fact that no one can make a bigger fool of himself than a man when, presumably, it is to fool other people.

At first, however, the Captain showed every symptom of being one of those sun-blazed characters for whom fate's weather bureau has predicted not a single rainy day.

Which was where one, Jeanette, daughter of a marquis, stepped into the scene. The Captain apparently

turned quite frozen. He dashed to the widow's father and demanded her as his wife. Her father bowed him to the door. Crossing the threshold, the Captain paused to proclaim that he intended to have the girl "at any cost."

From the record, the cost involved was covered by the hire of a coach. The delighted maid consented to elope. Not bothering about a proper marriage ceremony, the Captain briskly whisked her off to Rome. There, the pair spent an ardent, if impromptu, honey-

moon, but the Captain seems to have given notice. He deserted his unrepenting mistress to Paris and reluctantly left her in the streets.

When this came to her father's ears, the storm really broke. The Captain was in a coffee-house when he was arrested on a charge of "travel sedition." He looked a small captain for the British until—such being the way of all too few women—Jeanette reappeared to wed that wretch at her fault.

Reverting from seduction to daughter, the Captain rejoined the Army. He was severely in camp when an unusually tragic infidelity was smacked to him . . . "You're a basset." They were both butting happily together in one tent when the basset surprisedly had a baby.

The High-Treasors were baffling their brains by a suitable penalty when Jeanette conveniently solved their problem by dying of small-pox. She left the Captain all her money. The Captain used it to tour Europe.

At last, that was the size, but the Captain displayed his ingenuity by inventing a fellow officer and upon the British retired. The Captain packed aboard ship. Snapped up by Moorish pirates, he found himself in a Conquistador dungeon.

Rescued, he next favored Holland with his presence. In no time, he was in love with a burglar's wife that he made Agassizian as hot to hold him. So hot, indeed, that the disarranged bell-hole of Ceresio seemed a comparative health resort.

Here, the Captain again逞ed his interest in a wealthy widow, he actually wed her. This was another error. Though she presented the Captain with four children she contained in addition a bury of other children. The Captain set off one winter's eve.

The widow exhibited said the Cap-

tain bunched out as a plantation owner. He never slept immediately attempted to poison him. The Captain survived.

The Captain sailed for England. In London, he beclouded a Venetian named Zanetti. Zanetti went bankrupt for £200. The Captain paid the debt and thus earned Zanetti's undying gratitude.

Unaware of this, however, the Captain wed a second rich widow the still had the child. He also acquired a more sprightly companion with a shop-keeper's wife. But one of his love-lutes fell into the hands of the shopkeeper's husband. When the Captain arrived as his next rendezvous, he found not only the lady waiting but her husband and her husband's brother as well . . . both threatening nastiness. The wife went back to her husband. The Captain went back to his second widow.

And—unhappily—sail to Zanetti. The Captain was in one more heaven when he was greeted by Zanetti, accompanied by a "woman in black." The Captain was too engrossed in making passes at the mysterious female to notice that a man (also in black) was coldly watching something from a book.

Only later was he aware that the man was a Fleet Prisoner passed and what he had been reading was the Marriage Service. But, by then, Zanetti had had his crested for impugnity of should have been tragic.

The Captain was jailed. Zanetti visited him in his cell. Understandingly, the Captain argued him with a broom and knocked him unconscious. That was the last straw. Zanetti swore that the Captain had found a cleavage.

The Court found him guilty, and sentenced him to death. Appeals reduced the sentence to five years and transportation to America. The Captain sailed on September 8, 1932.

Crime Capsules



LAST LAUGH: Dance-actor, 22-year-old, Jason Cumberland, of Brooklyn, N.Y., recently opened a restaurant. Two brawny borsches charged suddenly to either side. Suddenly he popped up on his heels with popped eyes: "Lassies, pal Lassies go!" He wailed, distractingly endeavoring to disentangle himself from the borsches' clutch. "How can't you see the sea?" roared the borsches soberly, twisting themselves even more tightly about him. "Ahooy up in a pah?" They were still writhing with laudanum when their equally plumed pal, disguised as Beauchamp, saved Jason from their strangle-hold and arrested him for 11 armed robberies in one year.

ARDENT AMATEURS: According to Scotland Yard, shop-lifting in Britain is recovering its amateur status. Now that the blackmarketeers a dwindling, genuine cases that nearly three-quarters of the shop-lifting is done by first-efforters. Operatives, add the considerably gentlemanly but firmly, are now "easy prey, lassies," . . . with desperate methods of snatching children at all times lost.

THE DEVIL, IT WAS! Some citizens hold up banks, others just burn them open with dynamite; but the vast majority let others look over their own business. With all this, however,

High Toller, currently as a U.S. roister has an attitude towards banking which places him in a minority of one. The bumptious Mr. Toller invaded one Paul Belanger, member in good standing of a Canadian banking firm, into a basement sunroom of black maple and demanded the perplexing password that he was in possession of secret of the Devil. The Devil, he added as an after-thought, had sent him expressly to collect 10,000 dollars from Mr. Belanger. Asked as to that infernal request, Mr. Belanger paid up handsomely. "Bawd?" As at work, Mr. Belanger is doing time for extorting the fifteen grand; Mr. Toller is suffering the same fate as an accessory. The Devil is still at large.

DEATH DIRT: There was a certain amateur logic about the reasoning of "Black Molly," a negro who was brought as a slave from Africa to the West Indies island of Barbados in 1888. Molly was sent to a plantation where—in the strength of her mortifying appearance—she was set to work as a scrubber. Thus passing as fit will, however, Molly's master began perusing at the lengthening list of half-borne children she was presenting. He made a surprise inspection of Molly's quarters. He found Molly cheerfully ruminating at what was left of a newborn infant.



Dr. Gopalkar, Study by JACK HOWARD

THE REFORMATION

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN NOUMEA
FEARED THE SKELETON IN HIS CUPBOARD. IT GOT OUT

SIXTEEN years! Almost to the day! And now there had come an end! Councillor Armand Dubosc of Noumea put down the telephone and let his bulk subside into a protesting armchair. His body then at that moment was as ugly as were his thoughts. Yet there were those in Nouvelle Calédonie who thought of Councillor Dubosc as one whose kindness and philanthropy equalled

that of Monseigneur le maire, the well-loved Paul Montaig.

Armand Dubosc almost stopped breathing. The three feet that for sixteen years had hung over him, depending only on the weight of his mien, had crept up with the last breath of Monseigneur le maire, Paul Montaig—but not it could not be true. None-at-a-little-good-man! It could not!

ERLE WILSON • FICTION

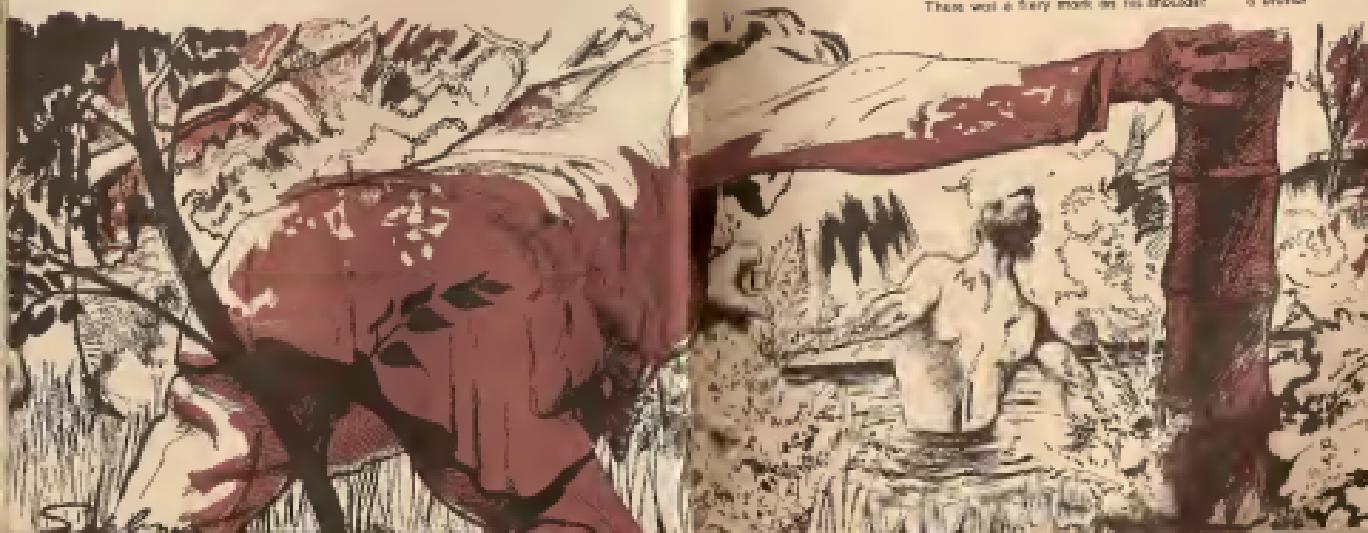
OF ARMAND DUBOSC

Dubosc was sitting upon his first office balcony, his big stone three miles away in the centre of Noumea. That office and Paul Montaig, then and early in wrinkled and mustachioed flesh as he had appeared on that night sixteen years ago.

The moreover Paul Montaig had, without conviction, passed himself as the day when Dubosc received for important customers. Name-dropping, now! What is that? What does this remembered word? Money as staff and all. Dubosc, the wealthy trader, came-trader and timberman in

New Caledonia, was also a money-lender—at high interest and against heavy security, for he was a hard man. But it was well-known that this Montaig owned only a tatty, wood-coddled cutter not worth twenty francs. Nor! There would be no money for him—unless, one could never be quite sure (for the spot, as was said, knew something of prospecting) and he had just come in from a long way up the coast. Nouvelle Calédonie was one of the richest islands in all the world in natural deposits.

These were a heavy mark on his shoulder—a brand?



A SHORT HOMILY ON LIQUID REFRESHMENT

When they shudder to say a man "drunks like a fish" and hoots to display their revulsion, I wish they'd make their stinkers a moment to think what exactly it is that fishes do drink.

JAY-FAT

Dubois allowed the ghost of a smile to cover as a face as hard usually in the wood of the absurd. "Ah, Monsieur Montier, is it not we have not met before, I think?"

The down-at-heel visitor sneered. "No, monsieur, we have not met—not consciously. But I have had the—absurdness of seeing you before. Even now you sit close quarters, Monsieur Dubois. Ah, you quite close. But then, moreover, it was your back that was towards me."

"Mindful Your business?" Dubois snapped.

"I happened to fall asleep, monsieur, in the shade of a rock beside Le Canada-de-Kagou. Do you bathe there frequently?"

Montier refused to stifle a yawn. "Ah, you need not tell me, monsieur. You do not bathe frequently at Le Canada-de-Kagou—or anywhere else. How do I know that?"

Dubois had not spoken. His visitor was grinning in malicious enjoyment. "Ah, ha; but it is enough to sample. Your back, it has no such

bone, no, it is unbroken but far—" "Well—?" "But, for you most curious mark, monsieur I wonder, what does it signify, that much to like a brand—so like a letter 'M' on your right shoulder? Ah, no, you would at most assume to use the gift you soanks have in that drawer. Anticipating possible explanations, Monsieur Dubois, I have written a letter—to be opened only in the melancholy event of my demise. Pardon, monsieur?"

Montier nodded agreeably.

"That 'M' so intriguing on your back, even song it stands for magnetism—magnetism—is it not so?" And it is the brand put on those who have tried and failed to escape from Devil's Island. Plainly, monsieur, you are a man of unusual determination for you tried a second time and got away."

Dubois knew you were angry and life-long. With that much accrued, years of peace had ended. Years during which he had built up a new life; in which, at least, he, Armand Dubois, had wielded power over the destinies of others. He was not freed, as this young manhood when the far fields of Provence had wrapped his wooling at *Yenne*, *Roquemadour* and when he had killed a man in a drunken quarrel—had not entered not at all into his life. But worse, you brought and tossed aside. It was poetic justice, perhaps, that he had been on his way along the St. Louis road, bound for the home of Pierre Marie, an ex-priest whose daughter, Queen, was the most beautiful girl in Provence—when the heat of the day had induced him to park his car, under the thicket, and, for once forsaking a rigid rule, threw off his clothing and left his over-heated bulk in the cool rush of

water cascades-de-Kagou. While unsuspecting that his bathings had been over, Dubois had continued on to the home of Pierre Marie. The old gentleman had borrowed from Dubois on the security of his house, his instant payments from his regular, stagecoach-driver's modest pail of wine, an excellent solution for the father of such an attractive young woman as Mademoiselle Queen to be in.

"What do you want of me, Monsieur?"

"You expect mercy, Dubois. You have not spared man or woman particularly woman—when you are right. Well then, for the good of your soul, I shall be truly merciful. But it will not be in any way you will understand—yet. First, then in the matter of the Marie residence, you will despoil it now, at once, and to old Pierre you will make a gold gift, a new hospital, of one hundred thousand francs. Ah, with such care, wait, I have but begun. To Mademoiselle Queen, in order to me, for we are about to marry, you will make over a half share in your capital money at this your copper mines at *Perr*, your sulphur mines in *Le Soulo* and your mica-mines at *Oruze*. That will leave you still a very wealthy man, Dubois, but it will do for the present."

Thinking back to the past, Armand Dubois caused his late tormentor to review these "good works." How the French in hell must have laughed, laughed with that devil, Montier; hounding him to an inferno after another. The sort of a scoundrel is the monsieur in the missions, benevolently anti-slavery, none of them small; the building of churches, hospitals, schools; the donation of scholarships; related to ungodly furnishers with-

out and. Every was a drop of blood. A stop arrested at the word. "Montier—Dubois." Compteur Armand Dubois's voice had once again an air note of impatience. It was Doctor Ober, silent and solid.

"Well, Monsieur Dubois, our good friend is gone. I should not have caused you pain to him only that before his passing away, Raoul asked me to take charge of this letter for you—to be particularly careful that it reached you before my visit."

Armand Dubois, with fear in his heart, took the letter.

"Please, Monsieur Dubois, read it now. You were such—such close associates. It is no doubt a last message of friendship," the Doctor bade.

Dubois nodded curtly. He read.

"Armand, my old self let at once. I have not lied, and never of any time, have I written, my letter about my so-forgotten discovery that day at *Caen-de-Kagou*. Raoul, now and last kept up the good works. We shall meet again, you and I. As regards Raoul."

With the whole verbal repertoire of Dorrit's school singing again intermixed, Dubois sat torqued.

"Monsieur Dubois, excuse me, I am puzzled..." The doctor was speaking. "What does it mean, can you tell me, when a man has a letter 'M' branded on his back?"

Dubois's huge hand gripped the doctor's arm.

"What did you say?"

The doctor discounted Dubois's grip with fingers equally strong.

"Monsieur, I asked simply, do you know what it meant, a letter 'M' branded on the back of one his good friend, Raoul, Montier?"

VIEWPOINT ON TOMBS



MARCIA MCKEAN • FICTION

AT A CAFE TABLE, AN OLD ITALIAN AND AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL BOTH CHERISHED BITTER MEMORIES THAT CALLED

FROM his stool behind the cashier's desk, Joe surveyed his little kingdom. Small tables, draped with blue and white cloths, gleamed in the subdued light. Two or three diners lagged over their tiny cups of black coffee. The waiters moved quietly through the bluntness of cigarette smoke, laying the silver for the waitress. Joe waited patiently. The wait was his creation, his dainty.

loved and lost child. It suggested him now that his youth had passed. It represented the fulfillment of the silent wish of his old age. The silver that shone in the till was a bright stream of hope, flowing with increasing speed towards the rim of his dreams.

He gazed at a table for two, near the door. Only fifteen minutes until closing time and she had just come

With each time for thinking, as he worked on his stool, he had wondered about the girl. Slim, wistful, with soft brown hair and a small, intelligent face, she should have had someone to take her in line, somewhere better than this. Yet she came alone each night about ten, took her place silently in the corner and ate the cheapest meal. Her face was closed-in against the world.

She had the look in her eyes of one who doesn't see people, or people

Joe shook his graying head. In the days when the world seemed so much happier and his face was unlined, such a situation would not have been allowed. War... it took so many of the younger men. They died in glory, perhaps, but what happened to those so many young women who were left alone?

The last customers had paid their checks and gone out into the hot

Women, women! You can't win. According to Professor Morrison of Michigan (1938) University, a law was passed by the House of the back in 1882 H.C., prohibiting women from driving vehicles. "Influential women immediately started a protest which lasted 20 years," reports the pleased Professor. "Then in the 1890's H.C. they stormed the Capital and roundly rebuked the session. Their right to drive was expeditiously restored." Some thing was tried in ancient Greece. First to break the law was Mrs. Lyman, wife of the legal eagle who passed the law. She was fined 500 drachmas.

such. Two lights burned on the chair covers of the sofa. Joe settled down to count the day's receipts before he saw his supper. He heard the sounds of the street door. He rolled off the lounge.

The brown-haired girl hesitated in the doorway, her face white, tired, disappointed.

"Oh, I'm sorry. You're closed. I thought I'd just be able to make it." Joe looked at the clock. Bruno and Tony would be anxious to go home. He hesitated, and remembering how alone she always seemed. Descending from the throne of his kingdom, he ushered her to the table for two.

"They are still there to serve you," he said, holding the chair for her. With remembered courtesy he bowed. "Sometime, I was about to have my own supper. Would you do me the honor of dining with me, tonight, as my guest?"

Almost before the words had passed his lips, he checked . . . was this a joke, he was committing? . . . would she get the right interpretation on an action which could read as well as so baldly? . . . he watched her . . . the seemed mitigation, he thought . . . yes, she was with all certainty amazement.

She raised her tired face and he saw the quick response in her eyes. After all, he had probably never noticed her, did not understand why he should be interested in her, unless that was a polite well-call.

He waited, holding himself with suddenly stiffness. His figure was still slight and trim, but his face was old, lined not ungraciously, and his sharp, dark eyes, framed by whiskers, were wavy and kind.

For a moment she stared thoughtfully. It was the look of one who has met some people, as people, for a long time. Then her eyes smiled quietly.

"I'd be delighted," she said. "Although I'm afraid, I'm not very good company."

The night was hot. Joe turned on the big fan. The draught litled the radio and lamp. Bruno brought soup and a bottle of light wine. It pleased Joe to see that the girl ate with the enjoyment of one who was really hungry. He toyed with his own soup and talked. His guest must be entertained while they ate.

"All day I sat on my stool," he told her, "and I see many people pass in and out. Some are just tourists who chance to see my sign at the time

the clock ticks from they should be hungry. Others have known the route a long time. They come for conversation as well as food. They know the meals are good and inexpensive and that there will be others here, drinking coffee, talking. They are the interesting people.

"Have you noticed, however, that so many of the really interesting people eat cheap meals?"

The girl smiled. Joe's boat warning because the smile was sincere and friendly and he had noticed how rarely she smiled.

"Playing the people who are place above, and doing it the hard way," she said.

"And you are from some place, isn't?"

The girl leaned back in her chair. She watched Bruno place the big plates of spaghetti on the table. When he had gone, she replied: "What I mean, of course, was that they are making something of their lives. They have a career . . . an art, perhaps . . . a new goal to reach."

Joe nodded. "I know. But you? I think you work very hard and late. You have a purpose, like the others?"

"I suppose I have. It's not the same, though, as it is with these others who are building up. I'm not going anywhere in life. There's nothing I can do now. But I have to make a journey. I've been working for it for a long time."

"Going overseas?" So many of the young girls are doing that. They take advantage of peace," he speculated. "The materials of peace. Where will you go?" England?"

She shook her head. "Later, perhaps. I don't really know. I'm going to your country—Italy."

Joe's eyes sparkled with interest. "A truly beautiful country. Me . . . I like the country of yours, with the

blue skies and bright sun. It has given me a home. But it is only natural for a man to love best the place where he was born. Have you planned to visit any particular places?"

"Greece," she said.

"Ah, yes. Greece—and Venice. The two bright eyes of Italy. Today they are only ghosts of their old glory, but once," Joe continued dreamily, "once, there were places that thrilled the world, Greece. They were the great cities of commerce, opening up the trade routes. And Venice was queen of the sea.

"Forgive me," he added, "if I sound too proud, but I am a Venetian; and even if a man has nothing else, great memory can make him a very proud thing."

"Memories are things that are past and dead. That can't be said." Her voice was choked. Joe glanced at her sharply. Did she bend so suddenly over her plate to hide the tears? She must have been hurt and she was very liable for one so young. But wasn't she young to make more likely to be bitter than the old, who had seen so much? He had been like that himself. It only he knew, if he could help her.

Frailly and yet to notice she was upset, he continued. "You'd find Greece of today interesting. But it is the past that makes her so fascinating. You know something about the history of the city of the Venetian?"

Her voice was flat and dead. "Nothing. I hadn't thought about the city at all."

Joe waved his shapely Italian hands, shaking his head vehemently. "No, not. You don't travel just to sit from one place to another . . . or is it . . . away. You travel to find something." He leaned forward earnestly.

"Sergio, you are going to Italy, but travelling won't please you unless you can see the country so the contrasts have made her."

The look in Sergio's eyes on Joe's plane. He was remembering that he was more than Joe, the dog's only protector. He was Giovanni Lodron, he was young and a soldier, with great dreams for his struggling Italy. That was a long time ago and the Italy he had believed united and peaceful had been and would be, again. Still, there had been precious moments of glory . . . didn't they make it easier life worthwhile? Even his personal tragedy was less bitter when he thought about it as a little incident in two thousand years of history.

He told the girl about his Venetian. She leaped for joy on his hands and some of the sadness was out of her as she nibbled at the coffee beans he had brought with the coffee. The word from the electric fan below

her hair over her face. He remembered how he had wanted friends and whose had followed, like that in the word of an acrobatic propeller. Today, they had weighed the plane rising like a silver bird in the blue sky . . .

"Don't look only at what you see, today," Joe said. "That is why the tourist, who looks with his eyes, but not his soul, is always disappointed. He sees spider poverty, the rubble of worn-down buildings. He is told the architecture is Renaissance, or Italian-Gothic, and he feels it instantly compared with his modern buildings. But you, Sergio, must see the art in which they were built, and the building . . .

"There are many fine tombs in the cities of Italy," he said. "Great artists were commissioned to make resting places of marble for the popes and priests, so that their names and deeds would not be forgotten."

Joe remembered a plain stone in

Venice. There was no heroic inscription on that. Only two names, and a date, Isabella, and her little son. She died in childbirth when her son had come and she had only a grieving father-in-law to comfort her, because, somewhere, there was another, an unchristened grave. It had seemed so unnecessary then, but when he looked back he saw that that was how calculations were built.

He finished his words, looking at the girl. "Now, there are fine tombs in Italy. The gods will say, 'This is the tomb of such-and-such.' But what is the good of looking at tombs unless you see around them, and understand, why these names have been remembered?"

The girl's eyes were fixed on him steadily, glinting through her lashes. He was tempted to tell her about those two men of his — the fine, handsome boys who died, not for the country that was, but for a dream of glory. It had taken him

so long to see the shadowy children who played by the canal as men, following the pattern of all mankind, and, therefore, not wanting enough of that talk of tombs, taught the men to understand, not make more and . . .

"You must try to see Venice," he said. "Don't be disappointed if the water is dark and grayish in the canals, and the houses without vegetable scraps from the windowsills seem pressing somehow. Our Venice is the child and the bride of the sea. The marshes were her birthplace across the Venetian. Once, in her great days, when the merchant caravans brought gold and spices and cloth from the East, the canals were thronged with gondolas. Their registration became so extravagant that the Doge decreed all gondolas should be of uniform blackness . . ."

One day, when he was returning from the market with his mother, little Giovanni had fallen from the



A SIMPLE RULE FOR
CONDUCTING
A DEBATE

When you're in the right, my
dad,
argue like a saint
But, if you're wrong, to win,
my boy,
argue on only a woman can

JAY-PAY

hard gondola. He'd been scolded for running his boat fast. Years later, in the ward of the military hospital, he'd said, "Curses that shell, Papa. It ruined my best uniform."

For the girl Joe saw a dolorful story. He gathered and twined the threads until he told how the silent city, for all her lamentary impracticability, had fallen, disdained in her worth.

"How else should it be?" he said. "Crops and nations grow green and decay. If they did not, if men did not struggle to build, then gave way to other buildings it would be unnatural. There must be change, or there is no life."

Joe sighed and drained his glass. Anna and Tony had gone home long ago. Only the fog whirled in the stillness of the side.

The girl sat a long time, silent, tracing a pattern on the cloth with her fingers. The tightness about her mouth, he thought, had relaxed a little but there was the staring distance of grief in her eyes.

Perhaps he had been speaking not to help her, but to ease himself of the thoughts which tangled and tortured themselves in his mind as he sat, day after day, at his mother's desk. Could it be that an comforting hug he had sought comfort for himself? Realities were strange, confusing things—how easily they could distract a man about his own motives.

Still the girl said nothing. Joe leaned forward seriously.

"Forget me," he said. "I have talked too long, and all this talk of the past and graves and the dead history of one small country is not good for a young lady to have at dinner. Picture an old man who likes to reminiscence."

The girl started. She stared blankly at him for a moment, then recovered to remember where she was. "No," she shook her head, "do not apologize to me. I want to thank you for all you have told me. The friend I've lived for a long time without being able to see around tombs. My husband . . . he was a pilot. I was eighteen and we'd only been married three months when he was shot down over Italy. He was buried at Ortona. For years my only thought has been to see his grave."

After she had gone Joe slumped in his chair, not setting the dishes on the table, nor heating the tea. Even in his sorrow he was glad to see a man who were not ashamed of open tears. He was glad, too, for her sake, because the closed-in look had gone from her face. But it was hard, even after so many years, to be philosophical when one thought of lonely women, and shabby children who had played on the bank of a canal.

Wouldn't he also, working to pension, be glad to spend his last years by a tomb?

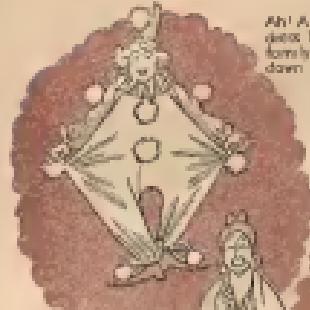


Gladys

"I got them for two lines. One I gave my husband and one I caught him giving his secretary."

COSTUME CUSTOMS

DRAPE SHAPES BY GIBSON



Auntie Flo in her peacock costume. She's worn this outfit to every ball for the past forty years.



And Uncle Charlie will surely be there doing his — I mean a dash on a dinging Mexican.



Cousin Bill, who was a great fan of the late Douglas Fairbanks, loves himself on a bronchobuckin' horse — well, it's even money he turns up as a cowboy in midwinter all the time.



With a little persuasion Mum and Dad could surely be talked into going as Romeo and Juliet.



Fred is sure to represent "Big Chief, Ponson-the-Fox" — and Alice will be the ghost that was supposed to be with him.



Sister Betsy for a certainty will wear her latest outfit but isn't it a shame — I've just noticed that the ticket was for last year! Damn it!



— gibson

STRANGER And Stranger



NEW-STYLE SMUGGLERS are on the border of Holland and Belgium. In the past two years, a gang of Dutchmen smuggled hundreds of diamond pens out of their country. Method is to stuff the pens full of cigarette tobacco, pop them into knapsacks, then "pussy-hack" them past the low Dutchland customs, too, have been following the same path. The leaves of the bushes are stuffed with heavy smoke; to prevent reading, their mouths are covered with soot. As sleep has an attraction for the cigarette-tobacco, the smugglers are content to silently tick. Purpose? Cheap Dutch pens are numerous, profitably on the blackmarket miles from

BIGGEST FEE in medical history was paid to the French surgeon, Jean Peut, by Augusting the Strong, elector of Saxony. Peut had performed an operation on the elector's foot in the record time of 11 minutes. He was paid a medical fee of 30,000 dollars, traveling expenses of 1,000 dollars; a diamond ring; other valuable jewelry, and a life annuity of 1,000 dollars. Total cost. Value exceeding \$40,000.

TATTOOING RATTLESNAKES is a pastime of U.S. Professor Arlyn M. Woodbury . . . but his excuse is he does it for scientific research. He marks the snakes with numbers so that they can be identified. In the past ten years, he has tattooed 177

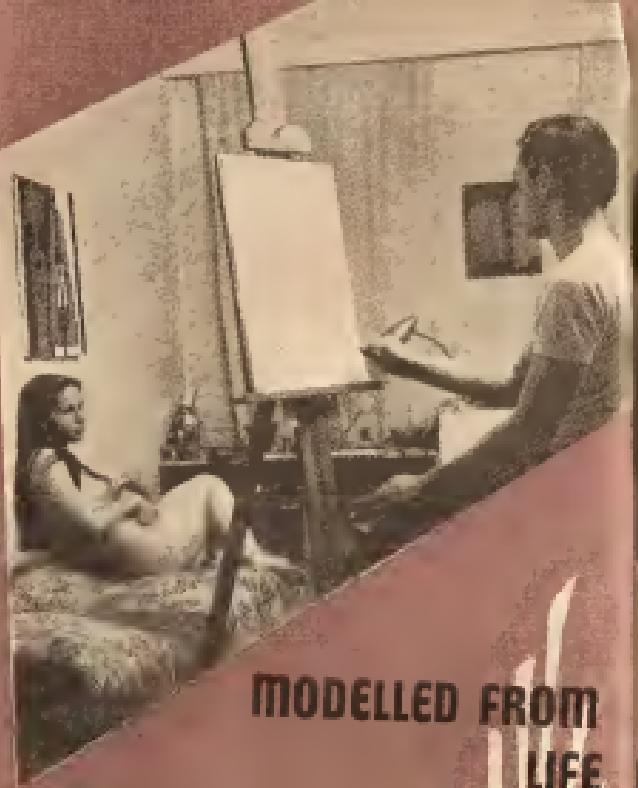
rattlesnakes. Process? A home-made outfit of six needle points, mounted on piano wire, vibrating on the coiling of a mechanical poised. Eight dry-cell batteries furnish the power. The needle-points punch through the tough skin and the scales to make the tattoo permanent. All rattlers are tattooed under the body just behind the head.

ITSY-BITSY BITES have been confounding the U.S. Air Force. Recently a plane full of Army officers suddenly found the passengers more or less flat on their backs . . . howling frantically at an assort of swarms of flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, plant vermin and Mexican bean beetles that had unexpectedly attacked them. Three minutes later, however, the insects were flat on their backs. They had contacted walls thoughtfully sprayed with a deadly DDT-powerhouse combination. This was a test method of combating the swarms of bugs in intercontinental planes.

ARM WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY Seeing that a British owner of a television set suffered insomnia disturbance at a regular time each night. Unable to trace the cause, the man tele-informed the aid of certain television detectives. The sleuths quickly traced the disturbance to a girl's shield. Disturbance, they explained, was caused by passed women coming their rooms while retiring to bed.



"If our hats are in the way, just remove them."



MODELED FROM LIFE

She wanted to be an artist model, well I said, and you do for you. I am. I am a transvestite. "William T." is one of the founders of the KTD students at the Art Students League, New York. Last month he had an exhibition, "Myself, Brother," which contained Art and "Entertainments." The show was a success. He has now opened a gallery near the house at 100 Madison Avenue, which specialises in the work of the Masters. It is a very artistic gallery. I am pleased.



And why shouldn't Louise be popular? Give her a scoop of death or a few hours and she can convert half a dozen people. What's more, she can lecture her best and even other church members not to make buildings, she can raise the most pretentious home money. "Get behind me," says Jesus, "No, I just let me out another and place how I'd do the painted world."



But there're two sides to every picture. Once Laurence thought with work, she spent hours in a dark room, working, she'd come on Mordonton's longer coat ride the stairs. It left my husband Myles. Before they were married she wrote, they used to light this word only, but now they're divorced, they live together like two birds. Apparently she's positive, but they are alone. At least, Laurence can have a bird, and for breakfast they can always eat a bacon and a shell.



By pointers to BETTER HEALTH

liver disease

Feeling lousy? Well, if it's not a case of a bout of the dog that bit you, there's a simple test to diagnose your woes. By means of a dye called Bile, which is excreted into a stool, medical men can now diagnose whether the liver is really doing its job of filtering poisons or waste material from the blood. If the liver is working properly, the dye will be removed from the blood. The test is inexpensive, easily applied, and may be repeated without ill-effects from time to time.

WATER AND WEIGHT

A professional wrestler may take 150 eight or ten pounds in weight during a wrestling bout and yet not realize that ten pounds weighs the most 100 pounds. But no wrestler has ever put on even eight pounds in the same time. Reason? The weight lost and gained is mostly water, as fat leaves the body holds water, like a sponge. In every pound of fat there is a little more than three pounds of water, so that when one pound of fat is lost, four pounds of weight is lost. Moral? To keep weight down, drink whenever you are thirsty but drink just half as much of any liquid.

EGG-DIFFERENCE

How valuable is an egg for healthy health? More than most people suspect. The yolk of an egg is especially valuable from a vitamin standpoint.

This yolk contains vitamins A, B, C and D. In addition to assuring the liver to store up sugar, it aids all foods in do their utmost in preventing malnutrition. So don't under-estimate the egg. It deserves a front place from a body building standpoint.

MILK & KETTLE

What is the surest, immediate treatment for heat is a sponge. But what is the cause of the heat? A sitz is an outward sign of a severe trouble usually meaning a run-down condition—swelling of eyes, general tiredness, flushed bowel, redness, flushed, fresh air, cool water sit, a general soaking up of the body should prevent sitz.

BACKACHE

Does every picture tell a story for you? Do you suffer from pain in the lower back without knowing what causes it? Remember that the pain may be caused either by irritation (spasm of the teeth, the tonsils or the stomach) or it may be caused by an injury. There is an easy way of telling which. When the pain is due to injury, the patient can usually lie down, adopt a certain position and be practically free from discomfort. On the other hand, when the pain is due to irritation, it becomes worse when the patient lies down, because and slows up the circulation and controls the relief which is often given by walking or other exercise.

The man they chose for executioner was one of their intended victim's best friends . . . which was easier.

J. W. HEMING



he killed BILLY THE KID

IT takes two to make a killing—the killer and the killed. When Billy the Kid was wiped out, the critics concentrated on Billy. In fact, they did more than that. They accused his killer of murder.

So let's look at it with an open mind.

William H. Bonney was born in New York on November 21, 1859. At the age old age of twelve, Billy was a tough little bantam in Silver City, New Mexico. And I mean tough. He

had already stabbed a man to death—a blacksmith of that—and had started to serve the 22 months which he later boasted on his six-year.

Billy was soon hired at when he shot two men from ambush they had been friends of the blacksmith. At the age of fourteen, instead of wearing a coat too large for him, a torn shirt and worn boots and pants, he had become a deadly with a tall black sombrero like a top hat with a narrow brim, a brightly-colored

shirt set off with a Mexican bandana, a long coat and a fancy decorated, metallic pants and a decorated Mexican pistol belt, created to hold two holsters.

He could shoot with both hands, though he preferred the left.

Then he had to leave Mesaville to Mizpah and, gosh.

He rode towards Phoenix—and he avoided money. He saw three Indians bringing in sheep to be sold. He approached the three . . . and sold the goats to them.

After a while, Billy joined up with other outlaws—Charles O'Fall and Charlie Bowdre who became an associate. However? Bowdre.

When Billy was sixteen, he had grown to five feet six, but he was still called "Billy the Kid." The neighbors of ranches, however, unfortunately had to witness the notorious incidents on Billy's part. To twelve.

Two women are little-calls . . . Billy discovered. He took a fancy to a fifteen-year-old Mexican farmer's daughter named Caroline Weber. He was doing extremely well when a married boy-friend came upon the year-loving couple at a very scandalous moment. Billy shot him dead. The girl called Billy just beat the pants out of town. The girl's boy-friend had not carried a gun.

Billy finally moved to Lincoln.

Billy and his two friends got a job on the ranch of Jose Miguel Sedillo, a forty-year-old Mexican who had a wife, an eighteen-year-old son and a rather lascivious fifteen-year-old daughter. Billy took one look at the woppe and said: "That's for me!"

And believe it or not, he went over-the-top straight for pants.

The leader of the little-men and sharp-men in the country finally reached a climax in 1878.

There were two bitter final factors. The sharp-men and outlaws were led by the Murphy-Dolan crew. But there was a fly in their ointment. He was John H. Tunstall, an Englishman, who had come into Lincoln and had opened up an opposition to Murphy.

What began as a price-cutting war slowly grew more serious. Tunstall's main assistant was a man of fifty, Alexander A. McSween. He was Tunstall's accountant, partner . . . a lawyer, once trained as a minister and deeply religious.

Murphy took the side of the sharp-men. Tunstall took a slice like a tortilla and took the side of the outlaws. Towards the end of January, 1881, in the pool room opposite the Courthouse, Billy got into an argument with a drunken sharpie and shot him dead as usual. Tunstall promptly put Billy and his gang on his pay-roll as gun-men.

The sheriff of Lincoln was a man named James A. Brady—engaged with his job by Murphy. His father, Tom Roberto Brady, was the county justice. The drunk whom Billy had shot in the pool-room had had a gun in his hand. The incident passed.

There is a Bill of Sale in existence showing that Billy sold a small harpoon for \$2 dollars on February 14, 1878. It was bought by the local doctor. The doctor maintained that during the rounds he had seen the sharp-men around ready to march on Lincoln.

The sharp-men slipped into town, keeping out of sight. It was about sundown when a man walked to the door of Tunstall's store and called: "Is Mr. Tunstall there? His wanted." The man was Sheriff Brady. Tunstall walked out on his porch and went permanently down under a hail of lead.

From all sides men ran towards the famous stage. But into the street rode the cowboys—a horde of them. The war was on!

It lasted for days. Billy, despite his age, took charge of the cowboys. He managed to shoot Sheriff Brady (Gibell) with a shot in the back. The other side set sight to Maxwell's house, and raided Maxwell's as he came out reading his Bible. Billy and his men were driven into the hills, but still waged war.

The name of the tribe was as loud as the official name in Washington. President Hayes selected his old friend, General Lew Wallace. Wallace was writing a book and reluctantly put aside his pen. You may have heard of the book. He called it "Ben-Hur." He served for Lincoln.

South. The war was called off . . . with pardons all round. Billy and his band went to Fort Sumner. They began a series of raids on the bands of the big outlaws. Bill, the acting sheriff, didn't seem able to check them. John Chisum and other outlaws attacked the country for a new sheriff.

Which was where Billy's威名 came in. The man selected by the outlaws was Pat Garrett—ex-battle-shoat, thirty, stocky, and over-a-half inches tall, with a large handlebar mustache—a determined and ruthless peace-officer. He was also a close friend of Billy the Kid and his gang. He knew all their secrets!

Unbeknownst Garrett was appointed for the special purpose of getting Billy the Kid.

But the Kid and his men were not easy to find. Hearing that they would be coming into Fort Sumner for Christmas, Garrett and his posse waited on them on Christmas Eve and gave Tom O'Folliard a special present. He died carrying Garrett while the posse played poker. The

other five men beat it for the hills.

Garrett traced them to a hide. At dawn on Boxing Day morning, he and Charlie Bowdre (Gibell again) the Kid, Billy Williams, Tom Pickett and Dave Rudolph surrendered. The prisoners were taken to Santa Fe.

Billy was tried in Mimbres and found guilty of the murder of Sheriff Brady. He was sentenced to die on May 18 in Lincoln.

Chained hand and foot, he was led to the courtroom of the Lincoln County Courthouse with two guards—Deputies J. H. Bell and a notorious character named Bob Olinger. Olinger constantly threatened to kill Billy with the contents of his shotgun. He went out to lunch one day and the Kid got Bell's gun, Bell ran and the Kid shot him (dead on arrival). He then loaded Olinger as the deputy crossed the road. Garrett was out of town.

Billy could have escaped into Mexico, but he was in love with a pair of dark eyes in Fort Sumner; he went there. He had twenty-one cartridges in his gun—two short of his carbine.

Garrett secured the land all the way to the border, then gave up. Bill was living six miles out of Fort Sumner and was often in the area. A drake named George Graham, on another farm, heard two friends of the Kid say he was in Fort Sumner. Graham told the information to Sheriff John W. Poe for one dollar. Poe took the story to Garrett.

Garrett, Poe and a man named Mr. McKinley rode to Sumner. At midnight they were along to the house of Pete Maxwell, who had been a friend of both the Kid and Garrett. Garrett left his men outside while he went in to wake Maxwell. He was staying by Maxwell's bed, in the dark room,

when he heard the Kid's voice!

Billy had walked across from his master's place to get a stick from a tool hanging on Maxwell's porch. He crawled into the darkness and lay on them, but not knowing whether they might be friends of Maxwell's, backed off into Maxwell's kitchen. He stood at the foot of the bed—and Garrett shot him through the heart. Then ran!

On February 18, 1881, Garrett followed, as tangled with one Wayne County Garrett grabbed a shotgun. Garrett shot him in front and heart-

and was subsequently captured.

Billy the Kid was buried near O'Folliard and Bowdre. The cemetery was later neglected. It had twelve unmarked men in it and was said to be haunted. Some drunken soldiers shot to pass the woods cross which bore the Kid's name. Not in recent years a longtime has been erected. It reads now "PALE TOMB OF O'FOLLIARD, DAD DAD, DAD, CHARLES BOWDRE, DAD, DAD, WILLIAMS, H. MORSE, ALSO BILLY THE KID, DAD JILLY." The gods are together again!

THE PRESENT

2000.



WILLIAMS' PUPILS LEARN TO WRITE
RECENTLY AT THE NEW WILLIAMS
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.



RECENTLY WILLIAMS' PUPILS LEARN
TO WRITE, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF
THEIR MOTHERS.



AT THE WILLIAMS' PUPILS LEARN
TO WRITE, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF
THEIR MOTHERS.

By CLUYAS WILLIAMS



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Honeymoons can be curious

Ever-loving couples, taking only
for the beauty. For this Teacher
may take note . . . and hesitate.

GERALD ROBBINS



HONEY is sweet, and a "honeymoon" is a month. A honeymoon, therefore, should be a "sweet month." Considering how some people on this earth spend their honeymoons, however, they are often to the bride being sweet; as they are from being a month in duration.

In fact, the period that one poet has called "a little bit of heaven" in some countries, a little bit of hell in others.

The word "honeymoon," right,

comes from northern Europe. In certain sections there it was once the custom for a newly married couple to get highly interested immediately after the wedding ceremony, and to remain in more or less the same condition for the following four weeks. This effect was obtained with a drink called "mead." And since mead was made from honey, the drink received its name known to us as the "honeymoon," or "honeymouth." Back in the Fifth century, Attila

the Hun—who, incidentally, had conquered most of Europe—drank so much mead at his wedding feast that he didn't have to follow the custom of drinking it daily for the next twenty-nine days. He died from over-indulgence.

The custom of getting rechristened immediately after getting married dates way back into Biblical times. An even older custom, however, is that whereby the green "curtis" (the wife) left to spend her honeymoon far from the place of friends and relatives.

This desire of a newly married couple to be alone together—whether on a Florida Key Island or at Niagara Falls—night seems so natural as to need no explanation. Yet, according to anthropologists, the custom is just a result of what marriage was like back in those same days.

At that time, each tribe was ruled by an Old Man. As soon as a girl was old enough, the Old Man of the tribe would take her for his own wife. Therefore, the only way a young fellow could get a wife would be to grab a woman—and run.

Among the Amazon Indians, in central Chile, the "Old Man" of the tribe no longer grabs up all the girls—but the same old type of honeymoon still lingers on.

When a young man there meets a young lady who makes his heart beat in double-quick time, his first step is to approach her rightfully.

After a short time of this, he gets some money and some friends and goes to her house. The friends give the money to the girl's father, then escape in long discussions about why he should not marry.

While the discussions go on, the father looks out the girl. When he finds her, she cries for help and her

own friends come running . . . but

In the meantime, the eager young man miraculously manages to get the girl upon his horse, and they gallop off to the forest together—with everyone following in hot pursuit. As soon as he gets the girl far enough into the woods, however, the pursuers suddenly get tired and go back home. A honeymoon is sometimes considered a sort of test period, to see just how well two people can stand being in one another's sole company—without exploding.

In the vicinity of Caribbean, for example, when a wedding is over, the bride is taken home by her father. The bridegroom, with friends and relatives, then goes to her house and knocks on the door. No matter how hard he knocks, no one answers. So he searches the grounds until he finds a ladder—which is always around—and climbs into the house through a window.

Inside, he looks for the girl. She plays hide and seek, but eventually is discovered, giggling, behind a door or under a bed.

They remain in this room together, saying no buts, buts, other, and passing food passed eye to them through a grating, for five full days.

A somewhat similar custom is observed among a few tribes in the Sahara Desert. These the just married couple are locked up for seven days. If, on the seventh of the eighth, they are still not speaking to each other, the woman comes out climbs a palm tree, cuts off the top, and throws it to his husband.

She cooks the stalk, which is considered a very tasty treat, and passes it around to other members of the two families.

The whole procedure signifies that, after spending seven days and nights alone with the girl, the fellow is still

willing to risk her neck to get her the best things in life—and so they will probably have a very happy marriage together.

While being locked up together might not be the best way to spend a honeymoon, there's little doubt that even newly married couples would like to have a little privacy now and then. With the Kaffirs, in South Africa, however, this isn't always possible.

If a Kaffir girl gets as old as 16 and still isn't married, her father becomes very worried. Many people think she isn't pretty enough, or that she has some hidden deformity, or that she hasn't been chosen. The old man decides she must get a husband as soon as possible—before her market value drops to zero.

He figures out whom he'd like for her father-in-law, and sends a gift to the man's house. If the gift isn't returned, the way is open to negotiations.

The next step is made by the potential groom's parents, who have invited the girl's family, watching her manners and graces, and reporting their findings back to his father.

If the young lady passes inspection, she dresses in her most colorful clothes and, followed by friends, goes to the boy's house.

The walk is more like a funeral procession than a wedding march, since everyone, including the bride-to-be, walks constantly all the way.

When she arrives at her destination, she finds all the menfolk of the house, including the "lucky ones," waiting for her. She kneels before them and takes off her clothes. Then she sits, stands, walks around, and goes through every motion they tell her to, while they comment on her good and bad points—just as if they were buying

up a horse . . . no holds barred.

The women come on next. They also study her—pinching her, pinching her, pulling her hair, and testing her teeth. Finally the whole family gets together, and if the girl has passed all the examinations, a peace is paid to her father and the wedding is completed.

There is still no privacy for the bride, however. Even on the wedding night, two male members of the husband's family stay with them until dawn, to make sure the marriage is actually consummated.

And all during the early part of the marriage, after relatives of the groom are constantly around, during the most intimate moments, to make sure everything is proceeding according to form and that he has not been dropped.

In a good many parts of the world, a girl doesn't have much say about whom she gets for a husband.

In a few places, however, "honey-month contests" have evolved, which give a girl a slight chance to qualify such a wedding—if she's strong enough.

Across the Mosambique, for instance, a girl who is married off to a man she really dislikes is given one chance, and one chance only, to get rid of him.

On the wedding night, she and the groom are left alone in a small hut. If the bride—using fate and feet, teeth and nail—can keep him from having his way with her for the entire night, she will get her freedom. If she fails, she's his for life.

Such loving couples often return from their honeymoons covered with bruises or sporting black eyes and broken bones—but very happy about the whole business, nonetheless.

After all, some girls just enjoy playing hard to get.

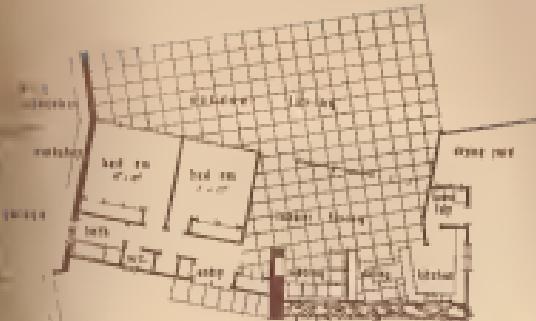


"Dad, you remember? You asked me that yesterday,
and I told you I didn't know!"

a house that hugs the ground

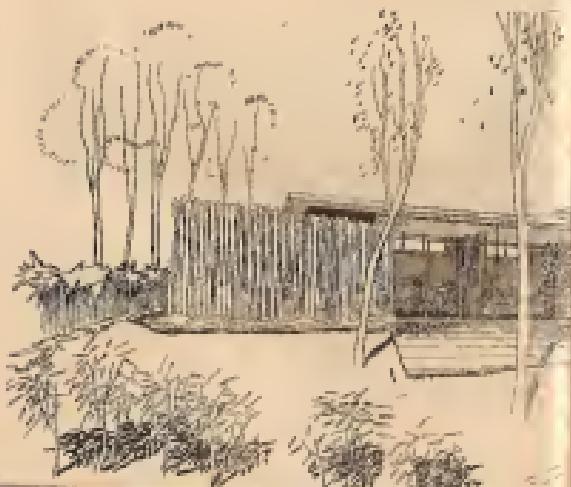
Designed especially for a wide site with a southern aspect, this month's CAVALCADE house features two bedrooms, the primary object being to construct a home which will give relaxed ease and an opportunity for casual living. A combination of timber and stone have been used in this design. The roof is flat, built up with layers of bituminous compound and topped off with quartz crystals. Thermal insulation is provided by polystyrene insulating materials laid above the ceiling between the rafters. The windows have been used in the

street-frontage. Bed-rooms and living room have been sliced towards the north-east. The main entrance is centrally situated, allowing access to both living and sleeping sections. The floor is quarry stone, continued outside through the glass-vestibule and uniting exterior and interior by forming a wide portico at the rear. Both bed-rooms have built-in furniture. Bed-rooms and living-room have walls of glass. A bathroom, toilet, complete the dining room and kitchen. Facilities include a sunroom. The bath-room has a separately shower niche and a separate enclosed toilet.



THE RISE OF TIGER (X, 191)

PREPARED BY MARRICK CELLS



WICKEDEST MAN in the world

JOHN ADAMS



Brilliant poet, mystical shaman in magic (white and black), he was stripped of his garments by an old judge.

THE "most wicked man in the world"—according to Britain's celebrated Justice, Mr. Justice Swift—was the brilliant Cambridge poet, Edward Alexander Crowley, who earned for himself this stigma by his dabblings in magic, black and white—and red.

Summing up in the libel case which Crowley brought against the authoress, Miss Bennett, and the publishers of her book, "Laughing

Gods," the judge said "I've never heard such blasphemy, dreadful and terrible stuff as that which has been produced by the man who describes himself as the 'greatest living god!'"

"After forty years engaged in the reformation of the law in one capacity or another, I thought I knew of every conceivable form of wickedness. I've learned in this case, to my

surprise, that you can always learn something more if you live long enough."

In his book, the notorious described some of the events which led up to Crowley's expulsion from Italy by the Pope in the spring of 1923.

In 1920, he had purchased an old manorhouse near the village of Todi, and converting it into a temple called the "Abbey of Thelema." A number of his disciples from England and elsewhere gathered there, numbers seven and children.

In his bidding, Crowley was called "Baba Shé" and his bedroom was called the "Temple of Mithras." It was decorated with fantastic frescoes, some of them obscene. In the temple, a lone participant was drawn in and on the floor, with an altar in the middle bearing a book and candles.

Incense was burned in a brazier, and curtains not rolled the circle during the magical ceremony. Crowley wore a robe with a scroll. His "spiritual wife" (who was known as the "Sorceress Woman") was dressed in erotica and acted as conductor of high precision and precision.

Special sessions were held to him and then every Friday night, and lasted for two hours. The "Master Thoth" (as Crowley was called) made passes with a sword and then went to each person in turn and "blessed them on." A ritual was read by the advanced members of the cult.

These ceremonies continued until a trial of disaster started for Crowley.

Local Prosecutor, Charles Lovelady had waited with the murder of a boy on the altar during one of the Friday night rituals. He drank a cup of the victim's blood and shortly afterwards died.

With the help of the British Press,

Mrs. Lovelady caused a public outcry. In the spring of 1923, the nuns sisters of the Abbey of Thelema opened, and Crowley was expelled from Italian territory by the Pope. He was also banished from France.

In his book, "Sister Women," published in 1928, Mrs. Lovelady dramatically described the events which led up to her husband's unfriendly divorce. "The air was thick with incense. I saw my husband sit the altar (Gurkha brand). I closed my eyes till it was over. The high priestess held a bowl underneath to catch the blood. The mystic landed it in my husband who drained it to the dregs."

Lovelady's death was later ascribed to natural causes, but the authorities were convinced that Crowley's occult practices were sufficiently threatening to warrant action.

Crowley made no attempt to distance his distance until the book, "Laughing Gods," was published in 1924. Mrs. Lovelady gave evidence for the defense in the libel action he brought against authoress, Miss Bennett, and the publishers.

The paragraph in the book, which prompted the action, read: "Crowley had a temple in Cobh, Sicily. He was supposed to practice black magic there, and one day a body was found to have mysteriously disappeared. There was also a grid there. This all pointed to black magic, so people said, and the village was frightened of him."

During the hearing, Crowley claimed he was the "greatest living poet," and quoted from the book where he described himself as the "greatest since Shakespeare." Justice Swift dismissed him from the bench and dismissed the case.

Quotations were made from Crowley's

Park parkers have not yet found a use for the grime of a park but a U.S. auto-patrol team in using the fire-arms of men to have follow-roads to Superdome. Inventory John and James Anderson checked the tools of 20 men until the busters squandered with flight; then the jokers were arrested. The rained (each volume) busters were played in a red-lituated workshop. Next day, even inmates couldn't find a red in the pictures. The operators stalled.

ley's own book "MURK" during the hearing. He had written, "Bloody sacrifice is the most efficient in convincing people, and human men, to be lost."

A further naked claim Crowley made during the case—that he had succeeded in "remaking himself invisible"—left the juries cold. At any rate Crowley remained visible when told he had to pay the costs of the hearing.

Crowley had a flying start in life as a master of magic.

His career in magic started when he was initiated into the "Magistic Order of the G.D." in London on November 8, 1910. The alleged "secret powers" man was then a powerful place in the secret brotherhood and remained as long, publishing secret books on magic.

Between these mysterious oaths, he found time to win fame as a mountaineer. Accompanied by the famous mountaineer, Rikenstein, he climbed the Alps and several Italian volcanoes. In 1920, the pair went to

Monte, and disappeared神秘ly by climbing several Mexican volcanoes.

While in Mexico, Crowley founded a secret cult known as the "Lamp of Invisible Light."

On his return to England, Crowley purchased the Manor of Tolkaus on the banks of Loch Ness in Scotland, to enable him to continue his study of magic and various religions of the world. While there, he married and went to the East to pursue his investigations.

For some time, he claimed, he lived as a Yogi in India and eventually penetrated the mysterious land of Tibet, where he was initiated into still deeper mystic rites. Between his magical studies he found time to lead an expedition to climb Mount Kanchenjunga, a hundred miles south-east of Everest.

Still pursuing his weird studies, Crowley next went to Egypt where he was initiated into several secret cults. On his return to England, he settled in London.

He published a magazine, *Capricorn*, with strange symbols, and had a prolific output of books dealing with magic (black and white). Practically all of his 100 publications were printed privately.

The quirk in his make-up which led him along the path of mystery and confusion found expression in his predilection for using pseudonyms in the literary field. Over a hundred Crowley aliases were identified. Some typical examples were: Count von Sanguini, Professor, Rev. C. Verney and Count Velodrome Sanguini.

He alternated his periods of literary activity with visits to Paris where he joined a select Bohemian circle and painted a certain amount of fame as a painter of nudes.

Crowley's American adventure in

1911 was marked by mystery, assassination and murder-murders. He set himself up as a quack in Seventh Avenue, New York, and soon had a big following of occult-minded New Yorkers. Chief attraction at his temple was a beautiful high priestess, whose only achievement was a red bracelet on her left breast by "Master Therion" (as Crowley's devotees called her).

Highlights of his visit, however, was a period of forty days spent at Niagara, set on high cliffs overlooking the Hudson River. Armed with three point breeches, a hairy tail of rags and fifty gallons of red paint, he painted two enormous legends on the rock surface.

The legend read:

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR.

**DO WHAT THOU WILT
SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.**

The local farmers regarded him as a heretic, crack, and discredited guru; but he was welcomed with this type of "star" epithet.

He lived with a friend for a week, each taking a vow of silence, the two communicating by means of signs and one incoherency, "word." The experiment was later written as a diary, and was published by H. L. Shand.

On his return to London, and following the failure of his famous Devil's torso, Crowley next donned the mantle of Neopaganism. He participated the Second World War and maintained that if the Germans and the British public had been more sympathetic to him, the catastrophe might have been averted.

On December 13, 1947, he held a ceremony at Cleopatra's Needle in London, which was attended by representatives of the white, yellow,

red, brown, and black races. He presented his "Law of Thelema," and handed a copy to each of the race representatives present.

He stated that he had published it three times and that, each time, "was broken out into words later through the might of his speech." He aimed body in his intent, but continued to operate his temple in Chancery Lane.

When his disease and spectacles never ended on December 1, 1947, at the age of 72, followed by the death of his physician next day, sensational rumors were circulated that the "Master Therion" had been responsible, by placing a curse on the doctor, for stopping Crowley's allowance of morphine tablets.

Scotland Yard investigated but found that both men had died from natural causes. Yet even the official report failed to dispel the age-old theory that a curse is placed on those who associate with demonologists and black magicians.

In the years before his death, Crowley with a firm fee effect, had contributed to nearly a dozen Magi-photonics air in his appearance. He played a political career and had his head shaved with a widow on his chin. His eyes were staring and irregular; he wore a large ring on his right hand, shaped into two yellowish ovals, which he claimed had magical properties.

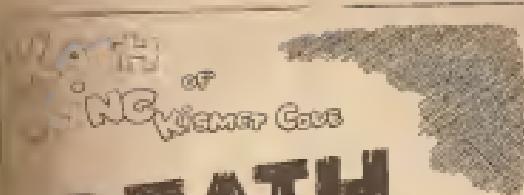
Magical acts were performed at his funeral by a group of his adherents and eulogies made from his occult formulas.

Even after his death, his followers believed in the potency of his magic. Representatives of the press were warned to be careful in their reports of the ceremony. One reporter said: "You had better be careful what you write—Crowley might strike at you."



* Wandering in Wolves. It's not so much whether a wandering woman knows all the answers to all the questions, it's how she learnt them. * To which we can only add that fast hours never won his lady-love excepted one, either. * True, no doubt, explaining why she wouldn't give him her number, she had his. * Section for City Mothers. You may be a fine, upstanding citizen, but it makes no difference to a human, don't I. Middle-age is that faced in a man's life when he'd rather not have a good time than have to get over it. * Notes from Night-Clubbers. Staffed with blonde who order everything on the menu. * So leading us to remark that the best women in most restaurants are the customers. * Holly-DeMille's Experiment. An extravagance in anything you buy which is of no earthly use to your wife. * Moreover, marriage is the only institution of correction in which you enforce your own policy. * And that, of course, is the reason why a man who says that he has the most wonderful wife in the world is not exactly stating his own opinion—his wife thinks so, too. * So, brotherin, remember: no man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to learn from theirs. * Admittedly a natural lead is any Parton for Particularists. Especially the forlorn fellow who has been complaining that prairie beds are too short—perhaps here in for too long a stretch. * Overhauled. "He's an athletic type all right, he can hang on her back and claim for 'hers'." * Which reminds me of a certain very anonymous statistic of our acquaintance; he gets so much wine spilled on his suit that he never bothers to get it dry-cleaned—the employee promises to trample on it. * Free Advertising. Why not wear bands, they grow on you. * We know of a married wife who claims she's never the least worried that her husband is chasing other women; he's too fat, too cheap . . . and too old. * And just a reminder: Experience is a necessary teacher; there are no graduates, no degrees . . . and a few survivors.

OUR SHORT STORY Then there was the radio announcer's boy for who was invited to say grace at dinner. "This food, folks," she announced in her clear, ringing treble, "is coming to you through the courtesy of Almighty God!"



Death -Down Deep

BY PHIL GELMAN
and STEWIE GELMAN

THEIR MARRIAGE CONTRACT
WAS A HIGHLIGHT COUPLE,
A COUPLE WHICH MATCHED
INTELLIGENCE WITH
INTELLIGENCE BY ATTITUDE.
NOT A SMALL FEAT.



THE MARRIAGE WHICH
COULD TRAIL THE MARRIAGE WHICH
IN A COUPLE WHICH MATCHED
INTELLIGENCE WITH
INTELLIGENCE BY ATTITUDE.
NOT A SMALL FEAT.





TRYING TO MEET TRUCK TOOD
KATHLEEN THROWS OVER HIS
PROPOSITION AND ALLEGEDLY
DEPLORES THE WASTE OF
WATER. FEATURES OF KATHLEEN
WILL BE USED TO WRITE A
STORY TO CATCH THEM



AT LOCATION 7 BATH AND
SHOWER, KATHLEEN TALKS
ABOUT CATCHING BIG
FOREST HEADS.



TRYING TO TALK TRUCK,
KATHLEEN THINKS THAT
SHE IS VERY ATTRACTED
TO THIS ENTHUSIASTIC TEAM



TRYING TO TALK TRUCK,
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TRYING TO TALK TRUCK,
KATHLEEN THINKS OVER HIS
PROPOSITION AND ALLEGEDLY
DEPLORES THE WASTE OF
WATER. FEATURES OF KATHLEEN
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DO YOU TWO WORKING TOGETHER?



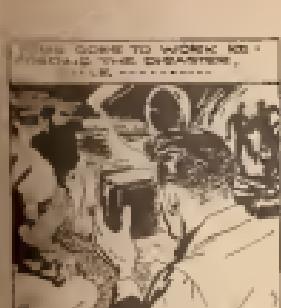
WICHITA COUNTY COURTHOUSE
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS



ALL THAT DUST SWIRLED IT
DOWN THE STREAM TOWARD A
MILLION BALL OF ROCKS HAD
COLLECTED NEARBY. THIS
MILLION ROCKS TO A HURTING



WILLIAM COVETE, BURNING
TOMAHAWK THE SCENE OF
THE ACCIDENT? ONE WHO
HAS EXAMINED THE
SCENE TELLS THE STORY.



... HAS COME TO WORK AND
PROVED THE CHARACTERS
... U.S.



— FIGHTING BEHIND THE
BALCONY OR PALLIERS DOWN
A HILLWHERE THOUSANDS THAT
FRESH ARE IN THERE
BLUDGEONED TO DEATH —

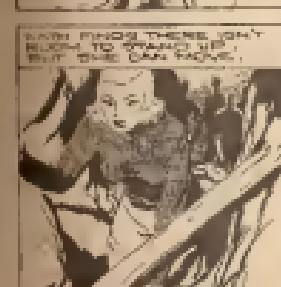


MOVING IN TO THE OFFICES
WITH WARREN THAT HELD
WITNESS THE DAWN OF GLORY



MATH ANNOUNCEMENT HERE
INTENTION OF TRYING TO
OVERCOME THROUGH THIS
ORGANIZATION TO GIVE HELP

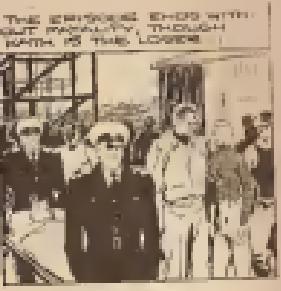
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
THESE ARE YOUNG-
HEM IN THERE!!
AND I
KNOW
BUT
NOT
NOT

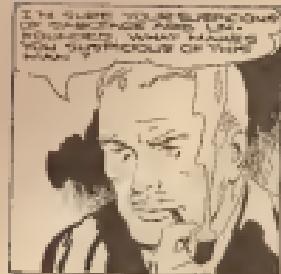


WE FIND THESE JAN'T
HUM TO TALK UP;
BUT THE GUN FOLK,



ALTHOUGH VARIOUS KINDS OF
DISEASE WHICH CAUSED THE
EXPERIMENTAL MALARIA WERE
NOTED, ONLY THOSE WHICH THE
EXPERIMENTERS - - - - -





One symbol for all

SHELL

SHELL MOTOR SPIKE

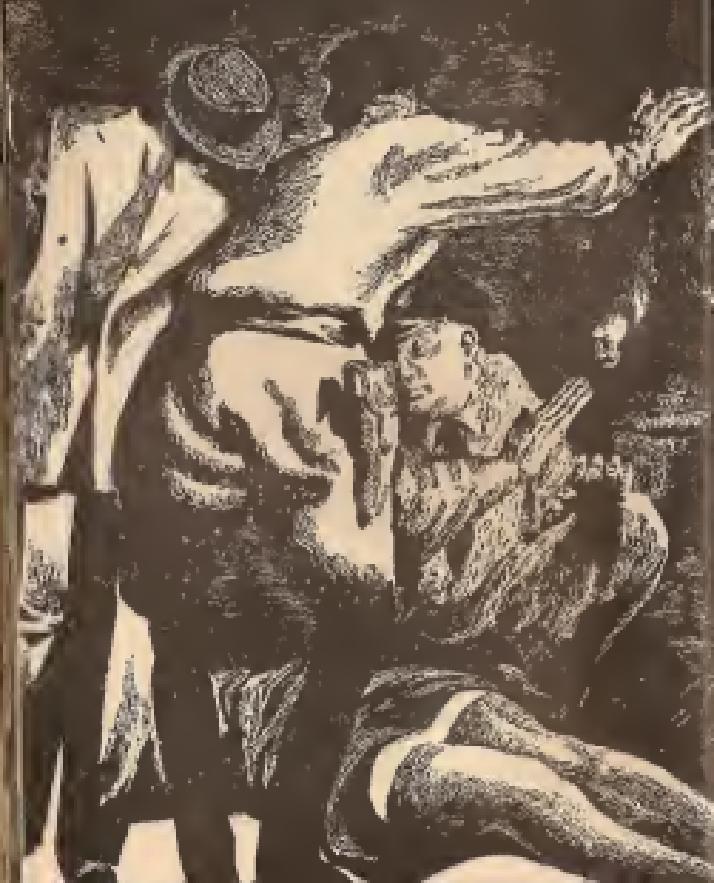
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dead-end for Delia



WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT • FICTION

THE ALLEY NEAR THE WAREHOUSE WAS LITTERED WITH THE BROKEN BOTTLES, ROTTING GARBAGE AND A CRUEL CORPSE

THE only light in the alley came from the back, open windows of the faded dance hall bordered its east length. From these same windows down the clean roadway of a street ran out through the smoky air of the alley. There was nothing else around that was clean.

The warehouse running the west border of the alley was of gleaming red brick. The alley itself littered with paper and trash, cans and bottles. It was a dead-end alley, no longer used.

The beat officer was at his rounds, keeping the small crowd back, and now the police ambulance came from the west, its sirens dying in a slow wail.

The beat officer said, "Better riding out and back in. Sergeant Kelley will see."

"No. Why?" The driver was frowning and glancing nervously at his lower lip.

"It's his wife," the beat officer said.

He stepped forward and the patrol man hugged hard at his coat-sleeve.

"She really got worked over."
"Dead?"

"Just died, two minutes ago. How she lived that long is a wonder."

The driver shook his head, and swerved out to back into the mouth of the alley.

From the west again, a red Light sweeping back and forth, and the siren of a high-speed police, pierced the night. The proud car was material thin. It cut over to the wider side of the street and stopped for 15 feet before stopping at the brick.

The man opposite the driver had the door open before the car came to rest, and he was approaching the beat patrolman while the driver killed the motor.

"Herron?" The Kelley. My wife?"
"Dead, Sergeant. Two minutes ago."

Sergeant Kelley was a tall man with a thin, lined face and dark brown eyes. He stood there a moment, saying nothing, thinking of Delia, only half hearing the trumpet that was now taking a ride at Duskbird, the Home of Name Bands.

Delia, who was only 21 in his 37,

Dolan, who used to dance, Dolan of the fat hair and sharp tongue—was now dead. And that was the first. That trumpet taking a rest.

He shook his head and felt the trembling start in his hands. He took a step toward the other end of the alley, and the policeman put a hand on his arm.

"Sergeant, I wouldn't. It's nothing to me. Unless you're a German spy, it's nothing you're—Sergeant, don't."

Sergeant Kelley shook off the hand and continued down the alley.

Dick Colleender of Mortons was talking to the M.R. He turned at the sound of Kelley's footsteps.

Dick said, "It's nothing to me, Pat."

Pat Kelley didn't answer him. There was enough light from the dance hall for him to see the bloody face of his wife and the twisted hair above it. He hadn't seen her for four months.

Then he looked at Colleender. "You say anything, Dick?"

"Not—Tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Loh will know. Make sure to you, the second sentence, I mean."

"Hm?" Pat had. The hand was playing a wait, now.

Colleender said, "We'll give it a lot of time. Mortons will shoot the works on the one."

Pat looked at him and used his thin voice. "I was a trustee, Lieutenant. Do Mortons." His voice was very quiet. "You can fix it."

A pair of dirty newspaper clippings lay, shorn by the machete blades. The white-corded saga were laying the stretcher alongside the body.

Colleender said, "We've got a lot of good men in Mortons, Pat." He didn't say, And we want our suspects brought in alive.

But Pat could guess he was thinking it. He said, "She left me, four months ago. I'm not going to go away on it, but I'd like the transfer."

"We'll see, Pat." The Lieutenant put a hand on his shoulder. "Come on. We're back to headquarters with you."

They went in the Lieutenant's wagon. About halfway there, Pat said, "It could have been one of those—put-up flesh, come drag out of nowhere what'll go back to where he came from." Shamus braced in here, but he had to get the words out.

Colleender didn't look at him. "I've got Adams and Franksen, checking the dance hall. They're hard workers, need men."

Pat said nothing.

Colleender went on, quietly. "There must be some angle you've got on it. They who must have thought you knew that—she Loh, or she wouldn't have mentioned it. She didn't have enough weeks left to waste any of them on some trivial matter."

"My wife knew a lot of people I didn't," Pat said. "My statement will include everybody I know, Lieutenant. Have her sent to the Room Mortuary on Seventh Street, will you? I'll talk to her mother to-night."

"She—was living with her mother, Pat?"

"No. I don't know where she's been living these past few months. But it wasn't with her mother. I wish to God it had been, now."

They made the rest of the trip in silence.

It was a little before midnight when Sergeant Pat Kelley, of the pawn shop and hotel patrol, climbed the worn stairs of the four-story building on Vine. The place was quiet, there were working people and they got to bed early.

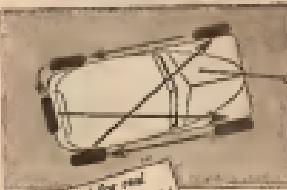
Mrs Revolt lived on the third floor, in two rooms overlooking the littered backyard and the parking lot beyond. Pat knew—and wanted

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move tire from
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There was the sound of a softening key, and then Miss Bovill opened the door. Her broad, weary face was composed, but her eyes quivered in sudden alarm at the sight of Pat.

"Pat, what is it?"

"I'd better come in," he said. "It's Della, Miss Bovill. Something's happened."

She pulled her wrapper tightly around her, as though to stonewall herself against his words. "Come in. But what?" Pat didn't wait for an answer.

He came into the darkly lit bedroom with the crumpled studio couch, the rattling table with the brass lamp, the worn wooden chair, the faded, dark brown rug. In the room, Della Bovill had grown from an infant to the beauty of the week. In this room, Papa Bovill had died, and Pat had buried the Bovills' parents.

"Get down, Mrs. Bovill," Pat said now.

She sat down in the weaker rocker. "She's dead, I know. She's dead. My Della, oh, Lord, she's dead." She rocked, then, back and forth, her eyes closed, her lips moving, as if she were words sounding out.

Pat sat on the weaker lounge. "She was found in—she was found near the Diamond dance hall. She's dead. There'll be detectives coming to see you; other detectives. Miss Bovill?"

Her eyes opened, and she stopped rocking. "Married—Della? It wasn't an accident? Married—Della?"

He nodded. Her eyes closed again, and a strangled sound came from her tight throat, as she toppled sideways on the chair.

Pat got to her before she hit the floor. He put her on the studio couch, and was washing with a glass of water when her eyes opened again.

Her voice was a whisper. "How did it happen?"

Famed British politician Mr. Baldwin was being shown the Equitable Steel building in New York. He was told its height; how many windows it had, how many tons of steel and concrete. In what an amazingly short time it had been built. . . . And, to top everything else off, it's absolutely, absolutely indestructible by fire," ended his guide on a breathless gust of triumph. "Frig!" remarked Mr. Baldwin wryly. "You a real pity?"

"She was hit with something blunt, something. Nobody knows anything else. But there's something I wanted you to know."

"Fear in her eyes, yes. She said nothing."

"Before she died, Della mentioned a name. It was Lolis. I told the officer to change the name around nothing to me. I told him I didn't know any Lolis."

The frightened eyes moved around Pat's face. "Why did you say that?"

"Because they're going after the one. She's a cop's wife and they won't be pulling any punches. This man is cheap, Callahan, can be awful rough. I'd rather talk to Lolis again."

"But why should they bother Lolis?"

"Della mentioned the name, before she died. They're not going to overlook anything and they're not going to be polite."

"All right, Pat. I had a feeling, when you knocked, something had happened. I've had a feeling about Della, for years. You can go now!"

Records left in the Arctic in 1898 by Admiral Robert Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, have been recovered. The papers, stashed in a whisky bottle, were found on Ellesmere Island, about 450 miles from the Pole. Also in the same bottle copies of notes of Sir George Nares, captain of the British ship, "Alert" in the Arctic in 1875-1876. Peary had found the cans in which the "Alert" notes were originally packed and had taken the originals with him.

"It's all right. I'll want to be alone."

She was under control, now, the women who'd met a tragedy, who'd just met her biggest one. The fortitude born of the terrible odds imagined was carrying her through the one.

Pet went down there to Byngmore. He was off duty, and driving his own car. On Byngmore, near Sevenoaks, he parked in front of an old, red brick apartment building.

In the small lobby, he pressed the button next to the card which read: *Miss Lois Weston.*

Her voice sounded metallic through the wall speaker. "Who's there?"

"It's Pet. Look. Something has happened."

He was at the door when a barked,

She was waiting in her lighted doorway when he got off the stiff-service elevator on the fourth floor. She was wearing a narrow fur-trimmed robe piped in white, and no make-up. Her dark, soft hair was piled high in her head.

Her voice was quiet. "What's happened?"

"Dad's been murdered."

She flinched and put her hand on the doorknob for support. "Pet, when—how?"

"Tonight. In the alley next to the December Ballroom. Slumped to death. She didn't die right away. She moaned over once before she died."

"My name? Come on, Pet." Her voice was shaky.

There wasn't much that could be done about the apartment's arrangement but color and taste had done their best work on appearance. Pet sat on a low stool, near the fireplace.

Lois said, "Now, what did she say?"

Pet frowned. "She said, 'Tell Pet I'm sorry. Tell Pet Lois will know. She told her to Lieutenant Collander of Homeless, before she died. He solved me who Lois was, and I told him I didn't know.'

"Why?"

"I was trying to protect you. It might have been them. But they're going to be caught in the case."

She sat down in a chair close by, closing at him. "I saw Dain two days ago, Thursday afternoon. She told me then that she was very sorry she'd left you. Could it have been that, Pet?"

"It could have been. Yes, that's probably what she meant. What else did she tell you?"

"Nothing. She was very vague. Hardly been drinking, Pet."

"Drinking? That's a new one for her. Was she working?"

"I didn't get that impression. She didn't tell me where she was living, either. Do you know?"

Pet shook his head, staring at the floor. The three of them had grown

up in the same block on Vane, though they weren't of an age. Dain had been twenty-three, and Lois was—let's see, she was thirty and her dark, well-preserved features were reminiscent of a now-published film star. Pet was twenty-two and feebly in uniform, he'd been Lois' hero, which been three. At thirty-three, in another kind of uniform, an Army, he'd been Dain's hero, and she'd been his.

At the moment, he was an old man, and relatively lame.

Lois said, "I guess you need a drink." She rose. "Don't try to think tonight, Pet. It won't be any good."

"I was without her for four months," he said, mostly to himself. "I got through that. I don't know about that. I don't seem to have any feelings at all. We like Jan and."

Her back was to him. "I know that's the way I felt four years ago." She poured a stiff pint of whisky in the bottom of a tumbler.

"Four years ago?" He was only half listening.

"When you married her." She had no expression on her face as she walked over to him. Her hand was steady, holding out the drink.

He looked up to meet her gaze. "Lois, what are you—?"

"I just wanted you to know," she said. "And now I'm glad you didn't tell that officer you knew me. That's a posture I can live up to. It will warm me this winter."

"Lois—" he protested.

"Drink your drink," she said quietly. "Get this up."

He stared at her and at the glass. He lifted it high and drained it. He could feel its warmth, and then he started to tremble.

"You're one of these block busters."

"Lois and myself, "she can go all to hell over something like that. And wind up in the gutter. Or we might posture a little better and decide she was a girl born to do well from the day of her birth and all you really breed was her beauty."

"Stop talking, Lois. You're all worked up. I'd kill anybody she who talked like that, but I know you worked him, too?"

"Who doesn't love her?" She was the most beautiful thing alive. But she was a bad, bad, and should never be anything else. Even now you can see that, can't you?"

Pet stared at his empty glass, and again.

"Thanks for the drink," he said, and walked to the door. There he paused, faced her. "It was probably a silly gesture, annoying you. There'll be a million people who can tell them who he is. I'm sorry I got you up."

"Not," she said, but he was through the door.

He caught a glimpse of her as he stepped into the driveway. She was like a statue, both hands on the door frame, watching him wordlessly...

The Chief called him in, next morning. He was a big man and a black one. He said, "Collander tells me you were a transfer to Homeless for the time being."

Pet nodded. "You sir."

"How is it you didn't tell Collander about this last night? Weston last night and half dozen people have told him about her since."

"I wasn't thinking last night, sir."

The Chief nodded. "You're too old to be a Sergeant. For anybody else, that would be withholding evidence. I'm evaluating it. But I'm denying your request for a temporary transfer to Northgate."

Scene: A wild West Saloon.
Enter Very Bad Bickie, staggering from the bar. And when, Bickie yells: "Ghoy! Ghoy! All you're dirty snakes eat here!" Chugging customers begin ballyhooing through windows into the Blue Tander . . . except one lousy matador at the bar. "Well, whatabout it?" says Bickie, brandishing a looking glass at him. "Not bad," concedes matador blearily. "But there was a hell of a lot of them, wasn't there?"

Pet stared at him, saying nothing. The Chief stared back at him. "You'll want a few days' leave."

"Maybe soon." He snatched the 'no.' The Chief frowned and looked at his desk top. His eyes came up again. "I don't like it because at you at a time like this. But why not? Were you planning to work on the outside of the department?"

Pet nodded.

"If I gave you a direct order not to, that would be insubordination, Sergeant."

Pet said nothing.

The Chief said, "These are my orders."

Pet took out his wallet and unclipped the badge. He laid it on the Chief's desk. "This isn't easy, sir, after fifteen years." He stood up, gingerly realising what a damn fool speech that had been.

"You're being dramatic," the Chief said evenly. "The man that makes a good officer is imperturbable. Last

night you tried to cover a friend. In your present mood, you might go crashing on a habitrail bed and do a lot of damage. This department isn't run that way. But it's your decision, Sergeant." He picked up the badge.

Pet waited for the door, and the Chief's voice stopped him. "It would be smart to stay out of Lieutenant Callander's way."

Pet went out without answering. He stood there, at the main hall of Headquarters, feeling like a stranger for the first time in fifteen years. It was then he remembered Lou saying, "Every one of those black balmans who can go all to hell . . .

He wasn't that complacent, whether she knew it or not. His wife had been killed and it was a personal blemish with him. His job for fifteen years had been to protect the cash from robbers, and fraud and chicanery, and the time it was clear to him. Only a fool would expect him to continue checking men down. He hadn't thought the Chief was a fool. But then, it wasn't the Chief's wife.

Deflecting Pirovski's come along the hall and stopped at the sight of Pet.

Pet asked, "What did you find out at Dernand last night, Steve?"

Pirovski took his lower lip, frowning.

"Orders, Steve?" Pet asked quietly. "From the housewife?"

Pirovski didn't answer that. "Did you consider it though?"

"No. I've left it there. Don't you want to talk about Dernand? I won't reward you how long we've known each other."

"Keep your voice down," Pirovski said. "I'll see you at Lou's at one-thirty."

"Sure. Thanks, Steve."

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He is a man of many interests, especially tennis, and the field provides a respite from the routine, the chores, and the general drudgery that most other men of his age have. This is why, from the day you last saw him, you have had a feeling "as though something were about to happen" and a sense of uneasiness determined approach to him.

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Pet told her, "so you could have your breakfast in bed."

"There's always time," she said now. "But right now I'm happy with you."

After that, Pet had been conscious of the passage. He saw it on short notice, and it disturbed him. He knew Delia talk to friends about the company she knew, Holger, so that must be her work.

He swung his coupe away from the curb and headed toward the Drive. He knew the building Delia had parked it out to have once.

It was about eleven stories high with terrace apartments overlooking the bay. Holger had one of the terrace apartments.

There was a clerk in the quiet lobby, too, and his place and Pet should have used the service entrance.

Pet said, "Would you phone Mr. Holgren and tell him Delia Kellier's husband would like very much to talk to him?"

The clerk studied him for a moment before picking up the phone.

He looked surprised when he said, "Mr. Holgren will see you, sir."

The elevator went up quickly and quietly, and Pet stepped out onto the last, quietest apartment of the top floor. There was a man waiting for him there, a thin man with short hair in a crew cut, and short blue eyes.

"Howard Holger?"
Pet nodded.

"I've been reading the paper. I don't really know what to say, Howard."

"I don't either," Pet said, "except to ask you what you might know about it."

They were walking along the hall now. They came to the entry hall of the apartment, and Holgren closed

the door behind them. There he found Pet honestly.

"We seen her a few times, Senator, since she's left you. There was nothing, well, nothing wrong about it."

"What part doesn't matter," Pet said. "You not looking for the man who started with her. You looking for the man who killed her."

They went into a low, long living room with a banistered ceiling, with floor-length windows facing on the terrace. Holgren sat in a chair near the large, blinding mahogany piano.

"I can't help you with that," he said.

"I danced with her at Dressel's. I don't know what attraction the piano had for me, except it was the only piano I knew as a kid. I never played except for my father. He was—a wonderful dancer. I didn't think of her beyond that. That sounds phony, I know, but—" His voice died.

"I imagined the Holgrens series hasn't sent a man to get you, or have they?" You said you'd been reading about it."

"Holmida? No. Why should they?"

"You're pretty well known, and they have your enemies."

"I've not known down there, not generally. Not as the composer. I'm just another punk, just Holger, down there. A rather stupid punk." He stared at Pet. "But if you know, they know."

Pet shook his head. "I've left the firm I asked to be assigned to the case and was refused."

"Oh," Holgren rubbed his forehead frantically. "She told me, when she planned to break a date yesterday, that she was going back to you. I thought—"

"Yesterday?" Pet interrupted. "She told you that, yesterday?"

Holgren nodded, studying Pet

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quantity was diminished again.

Pet could see the police in the wings and he had a passing recollection of policemen. "Where was she living?"

"The Empire Court, over on Hindson."

"Working, was she?"

"I don't think so. She never mentioned it, if she was. She was kind of silent about all that."

Pet looked at Helga, evenly. "Was she—driving about?"

Helga took a deep breath. "I don't know. I never went in, was there. She was always ready when I called for her." He snuffed out and his voice was unsteady.

Pet felt reassurance moving through him, but he couldn't tell them all. Everybody had loved Delia.

He said quickly, "There's nothing you know? She must have mentioned some names, or what she was doing. What the hell did you tell about?"

"We didn't talk much. We danced, that's all. Bergman, believe me, if I could help I would." His voice was rasped. "Did you know how much I wanted to help?" He shook his head. "There isn't anything I know, not a damned thing."

"All right. I can believe that. If there's anything you hear, or happens to remember, say that at all. Please me." He gave him the number.

He went from there to the Empire Court, on Hindson. It was a fairly modern, U-shaped building of grey stone, set back on a deep lot. There was a department car among the cars at the back.

The name on the lobby reads Bella Street. Pet pressed the button and the door buzzed.

It was on the second floor and he walked up. There were some branched gas lighting for prints, and there was Lieutenant Callander, his back to the doorway, standing in the

middle of the sitting room.

He turned and saw Pet. His face showed nothing.

"Anyhing?" Pet asked him.

"Look, Pet, for the love of—"

"You look," Pet said. "She was my wife. You got a wife, Lieutenant?"

"I moved to my second, now." He shook his big hand and ran a hand through his hair. "The Chief and you disagreed."

"That's right."

"You've been a cop for 18 years. You're acting like a rookie."

"I've only been a husband for four years, Lieutenant. I'm not getting in your way."

"We'll probably get a million prima, all but the right ones. We found a drowning rate, we're shooting, and some robbery. The lieutenant's eyes looked away. "I'll talk to the Chief, Pet. I'll see that you get your 100 back."

"I don't want a handout. Thanks, anyway, Lieutenant." He kept saying Delia in the poem and somebody else, some formless fiction somebody, and the goddesses were again and he knew he wouldn't have the stomach to look in any of the other rooms.

He turned his back on the lieutenant and went down the steps to the lobby and out into the hot, bright day. They were right about it, of course. A cop shouldn't be an a lonely you any more than a married shield. Boston was no saint in this business.

He sat in the car for minutes, trying to get back to reality, trying to forget that cosy apartment and the lieutenant's words. The brightness of the day seemed to give them a sense of unreality, like a lighted stage setting.

He heard last night's trumpet again and started the motor.

The silty was bright, raw, but图案. The men of the freight handlers on the street side of the warehouse were drowsed by the heat of the huge trucks bringing past. He walked to the silty's door and and then, for the first time, the door that led from the desert hall, a fire exit.

It was open, raw, and he could see stars now in there, sprinkling the floor with some granulated stuff. There was the sound of a huge rotary brush polisher, but it was outside his line of vision.

He went in through the open door, along a wide hall that shaded the west edge of the building. The man looked at him curiously as he stood there, imaging what it must have been last night. He could almost hear the man's and see the dirt lights and the crowded door.

Along this edge, the floor was raised and there were seats up here, for the speculative males, looking over the field, discussing the old favorites and the new finds, wondering what happened to this transport team and that one. Some had gone, and some not rotated.

One of the workers called over, "Looking for the bus, master?"

"That's right."

"Won't be in the afternoon. The jeans been full of caps and he wanna go to get some fresh air."

"Okay." Pat turned and went out. It was nearly five, now. He turned the car in a U-turn and headed for Borden. He parked on a lot near Borden and Sixth, and walked the two blocks to Curtis-Hillside, Pat's home.

Louis was busily typing when he opened the door to the office office. She looked up at his entrance, and her face seemed to come alive, suddenly.

"Pat!" She got up and came over to the railing.

"I was pretty rough, last night. I thought a drink and dinner might take back to where we were. Pat, way, anyway."

"It will, will. Oh, Pat, if you know what last night—" She put a hand on his on top of the railing.

The door to Pat's right opened, and a man stood there. He had a mustache, very face and grey-gray hair. He said, "You can go any time, but I know Mr. Curtis won't be back."

"Thank you, Mr. Borden," she said. "We're going in a minute."

He nodded and closed the door.

"My boy, the VP," she whispered. "Isn't he handsome?"

"I suppose," Pat could feel her hand tremble.

She said quietly, "You're better, aren't you. You're coming out of it."

"The better," he said. "The whole town is a dry allied army."

"Della knew a lot of men-of-people. I'll be with you in a minute."

They went to the Lung Post, an impressionist restaurant nearby.

They had a mortal meal, and Lou told him, "Their spare ribs are the best in town."

She seemed animated. She said, "It's going to be all right. We're going to take more time, and then you're going to be really happy, Pat. I'm going to see that you're happy."

He ordered another pair of drinks, and they finished these before the ribs came. They went from the Lung Post to a spot on the west side, and Pat tried very hard to get drunk. But in this work, the alcohol didn't touch him.

They went back to Louis' place. He sat with her in the car in front of

her apartment and lit a cigarette.

"Come on up," he said. "We make some coffee."

He shook his head. "I know Borden was paying for that apartment Della was living in. I've known it for two months, Lou. And you did, too, didn't you?"

Her silence was his answer.

"You probably thought Borden killed her, and yet you've told the police nothing. Della probably told you yesterday or the day before that he was coming back to me. But you didn't tell me that. Was it yesterday you saw her?"

"The day before. I didn't want her to come back, Pat. And I didn't tell you about my boss because he's got a family, because he's a fundamentally decent man."

"You didn't want her to come back. Because of me?" Pat's voice was hoarse. "You poor damned fool, you don't know me, do you? No matter what she was, Lou, I'll be married to her the rest of my life. But you were the one who could have told me she was coming back. You could have saved her life."

"Pat—"

But Lou, Lou did not speak. She scrambled out the door off.

Back at his apartment, he wrote a note and placed it at his doorway. The note read:

Discretion Collected

I wanted to work with Borden because I thought it would be safe that way. I could see how close you boys were getting. But it doesn't matter now, because I've no desire to change you. I killed my wife with a wrecking bar which you'll find in the luggage deck of my car. I couldn't stand the thought of her living anymore and I wasn't sure enough in rid myself of her. The checking I've done to-day reveals to me I would probably have escaped detection. I make this confession of my own free will.

Sergeant Patrick Kelly.

He wanted then, as in hand. He wanted until he heard the sound of the screen.

Then he put the muzzle of his gun to the soft roof of his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

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Talking Points

WHALE, BUBBLE . . .

A new strategy of warfare is being planned for the ocean depths and naval experts are already arguing whether the conventional battle fleet from with aircraft carriers may not be superseded. Some naval men have even gone so far as to say that the success or failure of any future war may be decided by new submarine craft under the surface of the sea. Obviously, in an ocean-based nation such as Australia, the validity of these arguments is of primary importance. For the latest details disclosed on a highly top-secret subject, read Mark Hope's "Man-made Massacre in the Ocean Depths" — an authenticated account of what new perils may be in store.

SAVAGE SUNLIGHT . . .

Africa, everyone has said, is the Primal Mother of the Earth, the source of all life . . . but death as well as life is hidden in the mysterious of her fabled heart. And never did death come in a more terrible and hideous guise than in the story which Lester Way tells of "The Black Prince of Silence." It is a grotesque mingling of French colonial history, and one which, for sheer terror, would be hard to equal in the annals of any nation. Yet it is cold, stark fact . . . another grim reminder of man's bestiality to man. Lester Way

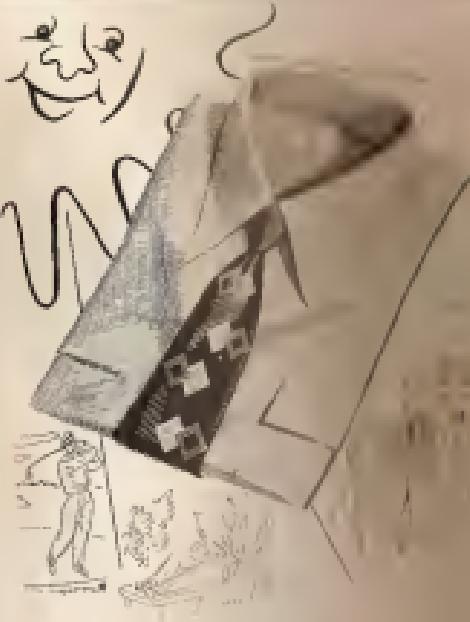
submitted many of his facts from an old French Army officer who once served in the hospitals where the tortures occurred.

ART, LOVE . . .

What with sex things and nuclear, homocytomous are notoriously intermingled . . . but don't think that they all run in the same mould. Some people have queer ideas about what constitutes the ideal homocytomous, and most of the pictures of them have been collected in Claude Robineau's "Homocytomous Can Be Utopian." Be read it . . . and then, when you're on your own, you know, happy people, don't complain about the weather. There's more than killing and sex being practised on the calendar of *Waynes*.

MYSTIC MURDER . . .

The aged cults of black magic and devil-worship run by an ancient dead and have a habit of cropping up in some of the least suspected places in the random world. For the story of one of the greatest (and most finally gratifying) of the set was heard not so many years ago, read John Adams' account of "The Master Thieves" — the strange Alfonso Crowley . . . whose career sounds like the legend of a horror-flicker and yet who saved the world in the early part of this century.



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